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Cambria Freeman.

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Job work of all kinds neatly executed at this office. Give us a trial.

WHAT SHE DID NOT SAY.

"I wish to tell you," she firmly said,
"Yes, once for all"—here she caught his eye—
"When faith is ended and hope is dead"—
She looked as if she would like to cry.

"Whatever of love—but that time is past,
That dream is over. You needn't speak,
The bitter truth you must know at last;
Oh! I will be strong though I have been weak.

"But now that you plainly understand"—
Her soft voice faltered, he drew more near—
"I need say no more"—here he caught her hand,
And the word he murmured was simply "Dear!"

And then, as a loving woman should,
She wept on his heart in the old sweet way,
And she said no more, but he understood,
Ah! better far, what she did not say.
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge

HIS FIRST LOVE.

Traddles Tells About It and How It Culminated.

"We must write stories of our love, my lord."
"And chaste ones, madam."—Old Play.

"I thought it among the possibilities to find you here," said Traddles, who flung himself in upon me one evening last week. "I'm in trouble again, as usual. There's a young friend of mine heels over head in love with the nicest little girl in the universe. Every body in our crowd opposes their marriage because they're too young and haven't enough money to buy the National Capitol. Now he's a decent, hard-working, right-minded lad, and the dear girl herself knows the importance of beefsteak and Irish potatoes in the domestic scheme.

"I declare," continued the perennial Traddles, "I have no patience with the sordid obstructionists who seem determined to keep these two youngsters apart. I do protest I'd like to be young again myself merely for the joy of going through another first-love experience. Show me the man who has never felt the irresistible witchery of a pair of girl eyes and I'll engage to show you a case of monstrously thwarted nature."

There was a mere shade of banter in my friend's tone, but I was confident that under his airy manner lay the old kindly gravity which is the corner-stone of his character.

"Traddles," I replied, "I hope you don't believe there lives a man so inhuman as to deny that he has been in love."

"Well, drat 'em! I have heard a good many of 'em *say* they didn't believe in it. Why, when I remember my own youth I want to get right out of town and take a nap under some rosebush in a country garden, so as to make sure of dreaming the old dream again. Of all my pleasures of memory none is more relishable than those which come laughing out of my boyish past, attended by the fond conceits and the romantic darings of school-day loves. I'm not sure that some of my maturer dreams haven't been as welcome."

He relighted his cigar, and I pushed aside my work.

"Never heard that story of my earliest love, did you?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"You shall hear it now."

Traddles flung himself back in his chair and laughed long and loud. His color came and went. I seemed to read in his look a mixture of mirth and tender regret. Perhaps it was regret for lost youth; may be a chaste memory of a sweet companionship of two innocent and untried souls walking hand in hand along a road bordered with kingcups and daisies.

"She was the daughter of our member of Congress," my friend went on. "I was a lad at school. Our seats—hers and mine—were on the same line, separated only by a narrow aisle, in the little village school-house. I must have been about fourteen then. I recall that I had already cultivated a friendly intimacy with Brown's Grammar, Sanders' Fifth Reader and Somebody's Physical Geography. I had also some indistinct notions of physiology, and had lately spelled down the school, because all the other fellows, including the girls, insisted on terminating dishonor with o-u-r. But my chief claim to scholastic distinction then lay in the awe-inspiring fact that I had reached algebraic equations of the first degree. Thus, if A bought a harness and B a new mowing machine at such and such figures, and A's grandmother wanted a new gingham frock, it was the easiest thing in this world for me to ascertain the cost of it by a deft manipulation of that magical X. (I have since applied it to many unknown quantities, but I seem to have forgotten the trick. It never comes out right any more.)

"Well, as you may guess, the little girl across the aisle and I soon become lovers. I have always felt sure it was that X that brought it about, and when I discovered that she preferred my sled to all others in the village, and used to have errands after school that led past my house, my condition of mind was simply blissful. But that was nothing to the thrill of triumph that ran through me when I bore her away to supper at a donation party in the very teeth of a six-teen-year-old chap who had come up from New York to spend the winter and who carried the unmistakable air of the city-bred boy, with endless good clothes and a real gold watch and chain. He had cast admiring eyes on my daughter of a Congressman and my victory gave me the grimest satisfaction. I often wondered how he could stand up and smile so untroubled when I glared at him. However, we became friends, and he himself went to Congress, where he distinguished himself for eloquence and patriotism. He was shot through the head while leading a charge at Five Forks.

"How gladly and rosily the years went by! My little lover and I had reached the age when sleds must be laid aside, but all the time we had been weaving romances. My first and most inspiring thought was to run away and go to sea. The respectably dull life of a merchantman was not to be endured; but there was no war in which I could win deathless renown and come home laden with prize money and decked in a dazzling uniform, principally gold lace. You must know that her parents were inimical to me, so of course I looked upon them as heartless and sordid beings, whose lives I would spare a little longer in consideration of their daughter, the sun-kissed peach that by some unaccountable freak of nature had ripened on a crab-apple tree.

"I determined on a whaler. Aha! That was my grand opportunity. A three years' voyage would do the whole business. I secretly resolved not to write home, though what I expected to accomplish by that I do not recollect. I have an idea, though, that the dear girl for whom I was to carve out a blubber fortune was to mourn me as one dead; that I would return home bronzed and bearded, indulge in a vast quantity of nautical talk incognito, and in the end disclose myself as her long lost love."

I smiled at the enthusiasm with which Traddles recounted the details of his boyish romance, so very like certain memories of my own; but he merely relighted his refractory cigar, and with his head enveloped in a fragrant blue cloud and his voice in voluntarily taking on a gentler tone, resumed:

"For some reason now out of mind, the whaling expedition was abandoned, and the object of my heart's adoration was sent away to a boarding-school. I saw her put on board the train, and, as she was whirled into the distance, every roaring iron wheel ran over my heart. I remember that she had on her first long dress that day, and I can still see the crystal tears that stood on her cheeks when she turned on the platform and moved her lips in mute farewell to me. Oh! the letters we exchanged! I will not try to tell you what we wrote in that long separation. She was away one whole year, and when she returned I was gone from the village and had begun my tussle with the big world. There were no more whalers in it—for me; no gold lace, no romantic and magical acquisition of fame and wealth, but a very earnest, steadfast and plodding devotion to a very prosy and commonplace apprenticeship. At intervals the old dream recurred with painful fidelity, and, now and again, I was seized with spasms of unrest and discontent.

"In the pangs of them I labored chaotically with other grand schemes, one of which involved writing a book and sending a copy of it to my girl lover, with the 'author's compliments' on the fly-leaf. But that, and all my plans for similar grandeur, were rejected one by one in the press of immediate and hard necessity; and when, at the end of my apprenticeship, I went back to the old home for a brief visit, almost the first person I met was the original of the image I had carried in my heart during six mortal years."

"Dear me," I found myself saying (for the story had wrought upon me greatly), "what came of your reunion?"

"I am coming to that," was Traddle's reply, with the rapt manner and the far-away gaze of one whose vision is alight on the rainbow that always bends across the morning sky of life. "She had finished her school course, and been home I think about six months. When I spoke to her of our past and looked at my coarse clothes with a kind of sad humiliation (of which I am ashamed) she adroitly changed the subject. I saw her at church a few times after that, but—well, our story had been told and the volume was closed. The next time I left the village it was forever. About a year later some thoughtful friend sent me a newspaper containing an account of her marriage to the handsome son of the village store-keeper, whom I remembered as a lad chiefly by the circumstance that he always had his hair dressed with something agreeable that we less favored youngsters were unable to achieve."

"Have you ever met her since?" I asked, with genuine solicitude.

"Yes, once," he replied. "She chanced to be passing through the city in which I was living and stopped to spend a day with one of the companions of her boarding-school time. That was something like twenty years after I left the old home. I called on her and found a fine, matronly and most comfortable woman. Four sturdy boys hung over her with a fondness that was beautiful—not unlike the picture Miss Mulock drew of Edna Kenderdine and her sons, all proud of their mother and as careful of her as if they had been lovers. I loved those lads of hers, and told them so, much to their wonderment."

"But the mother: you surely—oh, Traddles!"

"I merely exchanged a few conventional and quite unmeaning commonplaces with her. There was no word of allusion to the romance that glorified our youth and to this hour tinges my life with a sweet melancholy, in which is more pleasure than pain. Good night."
—Signor Mac, in Detroit Free Press

THE RUSSIAN METHOD.

A Unique Way of Securing the Surrender of Dangerous Criminals.

In the course of his tour of inspection through the Caucasus last autumn Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff passed close to the village of Stary Yoort, where a native Colonel was not long previously murdered out of revenge, and where the murderers were being screened from the authorities by the inhabitants. As they refused to give up the assassins the Prince ordered all the inhabitants of the village to be assembled on his route two miles off. Here the Prince refused to accept their greeting of bread and salt, and rated them right soundly in the severest terms of the Russian vocabulary. At the same time he ordered their elders to be arrested on the spot, and gave them one month in which to surrender the murderers. If they remained recalcitrant at the end of that term the severest punishment was to be inflicted. With the usual obstinacy of the Chechenlis tribes, who continue their opposition to Russia as long as, if not longer than, any of the other tribes of the Caucasus, the murderers were not given up at the end of the month, whereupon a "military execution" was ordered to be made. At daybreak the village was surrounded by a cordon of troops, and all the inhabitants were disarmed and forbidden ever to carry arms again. A detachment of troops were then quartered in the village, and 1,200 rubles was exacted for the benefit of the murdered man's family. An elder was also appointed and sent by the authorities with a salary, to be paid by the village, of 600 rubles a year. The murderers have now at last been surrendered, and the troops consequently withdrawn.—St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.

Missouri's First Settlement.

The first white settlement in the State of Missouri was made at St. Genevieve, below St. Louis, between the years of 1735 and 1763, the time not being definitely determined. The city of St. Louis was settled by Pierre Linquest Laclede in 1764. Laclede was murdered by an Indian who was bribed by an Englishman, who paid him for the horrible deed by giving him a barrel of whisky.

SHE WHO HELPS HER MOTHER.

There are girls who paint and girls who play
And girls who dance with grace,
And girls who steal our hearts away
With charms of form and face.
But there's a girl whom I respect
Much more than any other,
And as a wife I shall select
The girl who helps her mother.

Although it may be out of style,
She grants her mother's wishes,
Nor does she idle all the while
Her ma is washing dishes.
She has a kindly, loving way
For parent, sister, brother;
She proves a blessing every day,
The girl who helps her mother.

She may not read the latest trash
Nor sigh for a flirtation,
She may not care to make a mash
Nor pine for a sensation.
Such lives as hers with grace abound
And love for one another,
She scatters sunshine all around—
The girl who helps her mother.
—Chicago Herald.

JOHN WALTON'S FARM.

How He Worked It Successfully on a Common-Sense Plan.

"Hadn't you better subscribe for it?"

"I tell you, no. I haven't the money to spare. And if I had, I haven't got the time to waste over newspapers," said Eben Sawyer, with some emphasis.

"But you will gain much information from it in the course of a year, sir," pursued John Walton.

"I tell you I don't want it."

This was spoken so flatly and bluntly that Walton said no more, but folded up the prospectus of a periodical which he had with him, and then turned away.

Eben Sawyer and Ben Grummet were two old farmers—that is, old at the business, though they had only reached the middle age of life—and after their young neighbor had gone they expressed their opinions concerning him.

"He'll never make a farmer," said Sawyer, with a shake of his head. "He spends too much time over those papers and books of his. He's a leetle mite above farmin', in my opinion."

"Those are my sentiments," responded Grummet. "I tell you, Eben, the man that thinks to make a livin' on a farm in this section has got to *work* for it."

At this juncture Sam Bancroft came along. He was another old native of the district.

"We was just talkin' about young Walton," said Sawyer.

"He's rippin' his barn-floor up," said Bancroft.

"Rippin' the floor up!" repeated Grummet. "Why, the whole floor was put down only three years ago."

"The tie-up floor, I mean," pursued Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up from the village; and his two hired men are helpin'."

"Whew! I guess he'll make a farmer!"

And so they all guessed—with a reservation. In short, there was something highly ridiculous in the thought of a man's thinking to be a farmer and a student at the same time.

John Walton was a young man, and though he had been born in the neighborhood, yet much of his life had been spent in other sections of the country. His parents having both died, John had married, and now turned his thoughts to making a living out of the old homestead.

Ben Grummet had a curiosity to see what was going on in Walton's barn, so he dropped in there. He found that the whole of the floor, where the cattle stood, had been torn up, and that they were digging a wide, deep trench the whole length of the tie-up.

"What on airth is all this for?" asked Ben.

"Why," returned Walton, who was busy in superintending the work, and also in working himself, "I am having a place fixed here for making manure. I mean to fill this trench up with good muck, and thus save the liquids which have heretofore been lost. I think, by proper management, I can get full double the quantity of manure which others have got on this place."

"Do ye?" said Grummet, sarcastically.

"Yes," resumed the young man. "It is a fact that the liquid manures, could they be saved, would fully equal the solids, both in bulk and value, and when combined with well-rotted muck, and some other articles which shall take up and retain all the more volatile parts, I feel sure that they will afford more fertilizing powers and properties than the solid manures can."

"You don't say so! Where d'ye larn all that?"

"Partly from reading and partly from observation," answered John, smiling at his good neighbor's open sarcasm.

"I don't suppose it costs any thing to do all this?"

"O, yes; it will cost me considerable before I get through."

"Yaas; I should rayther calkilate it would."

"I swan!" Ben Grummet cried, as he met Sawyer shortly afterwards. "John Walton's a reg'lar hifalutin. He's jes' about as nigh to bein' crazy as a man can be!"

"Eh? crazy, Ben?"

"O—I don't mean, rally upsot, like folks who are sent to the insane asylum; but he's got his head full of all sorts of nonsense."

"But what in nature's he going to do?"

"Why—he's goin' to save the liquids, as he calls 'em! An' he's goin' to put in somethin' to take up the *vol—volantary* parts."

"*Voluntary* parts? What are they, Ben?"

"It was *vol* somethin'. But I don't know. I wouldn't ask him. I s'pose he jest used the outlandish word so's to get me to ask him what it meant—an' then he'd show off his larnin'. But I wa'n't so green."

"I wonder if he thinks he's a comin' here to show us old farmers how to work?" said Sawyer, rather indignantly.

"I guess he thinks so," returned Grummet.

"Then I guess he'll find out his mistake," added the other. "Jes' you mark my words, Ben: He'll be flat on his back afore two years is out!"

Autumn came, and after John Walton had mowed over a twenty-acre field, getting hardly hay enough to pay for the labor, he set men at work digging deep trenches all over it. He had two dug lengthwise, running up and down the slope; and then he dug quite a number running across these. They were quite deep and broad, and into them he tumbled nearly all the stones that could be found in the fields.

"A pooty expensive way of gettin' rid o' rocks," remarked Grummet.

"It's a better place for them than on the surface, isn't it?" returned Walton, with a smile.

"Mebbe. But what on airth are ye doin' it for?"

"Why—I'm going to see if underdraining won't improve the land."

"*Under-draining!* What's that?"

"It is simply drawing off the water from the surface. This land is cold and wet; but if I can get the water to drain off among these rocks, the sun may warm the surface and give me a good piece of soil here."

But it looked very foolish to Ben Grummet. He believed that "what was the natur' of the soil couldn't be altered." However, the young man made his trenches—tumbled in the rocks—filled in on top with the loam he had originally removed; and then left it to work for itself awhile. A month later he plowed up two acres of it, and he could see that the soil had already changed wonderfully. After this was done he cut his way to the muck-swamp, and went to hauling out that article which he deposited in various places, as he deemed proper.

"That's a cur'us contrivance," said Sam Bancroft. He and Ben Grummet had been at work for Walton at hauling muck. He alluded to a large vat back of the house, into which ran a spout from the sink. This vat was capable of holding several cart-loads of stuff and was already half full.

"That's a compost vat," exclaimed Walton, who had overheard the remark. "All the slops from the house—the soap-suds and such stuff—which most people wasted, I save by this means, and turn it to good account; and instead of throwing away refuse matter I put it in here and let it rot and ferment and make manure."

"That all sounds very pooty," remarked Ben, after Walter had left them; "but let me jes' tell you, *it don't pay!* He'd better let sich fandangles alone if he ever expects to make a livin' at farmin'."

Before the ground froze up Walton threw out most of the muck back to his tie-up, which had become well saturated, and filled the trench up anew. When spring came Walton went to some of his neighbors and asked them to go in with him and send for some good scions to engraft upon their apple trees. He explained to them just the plan he had formed for his own orchard.

"How much will it cost you?" asked Sawyer.

"Why," returned Walton, "I'm going into it thoroughly. My orchard is a large one, as yours is, and the trees are mostly thrifty and vigorous—or could be made so—but with poor fruit. I mean to make a thorough thing of it, and shall expend a hundred dollars this spring."

"What! A hundred dollars! In your orchard?"

"Yes."

"Jewhittiker an' broomsticks! When I git money to play with I'll try it."

A little while later, and the grass began to spring up on the twenty-acre lot as it had never sprung up before; and as time went on John Walton was continually studying how to improve his farm.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eben Sawyer, as Ben Grummet and Sam Bancroft came into his house one cool autumn evening; "have you heard about John Walton's apples?"

"Yes," returned Ben. "I was there, and heerd the whole on't—so I know—I never would 'ave thought it. An orchard turn out like that!"

"And jes' look at that twenty-acre field," said Bancroft. "Five years ago it wouldn't hardly pay for mowin'. It didn't bear much else but podgum. Now look at it. Think o' the corn an' wheat he's raised there; an' this year he cut more'n forty tons of good hay from it!"

"We was jest talkin' about you, Mr. Walton," said Sawyer one day, as John came into his house.

"Ah!" returned John, as he took a seat by the fire, "I hope you found nothing bad to say of me."

"Not a bit of it. We was talkin' about the wonderful improvement you've made on the old place and of the money you make."

"And do you think it wonderful?"

"But ain't it?"

"Well," replied Walton, "I don't know about that; but I'll tell you what I do know: I know there is no class of people in the world who may read and study to better advantage than farmers. Farming is a science, and he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity who can master it all. In short, there is no branch of industry in the world which may not be followed to better advantage without a good education. But farmers must not be afraid of newspapers and books. They won't, if they are wise, follow every advice which experimentalists give, but they may study and reason and experiment for themselves. So I have done, and so I mean to do."—N. Y. Ledger.

A SEVERE REBUKE.

How a Young Man Treated a Girl Who Wasn't Ready on Time.

A severe but well-merited rebuke was administered not long ago, says the New York Evening Sun's Woman-About-Town, to a society girl by a young man who has the courage of very creditable conviction upon a certain common lack of the nicest courtesy among young women who are really very well bred, and who would not offend for the world if they stopped to think. He told the story himself, as follows:

"During one of my busiest weeks I invited a young woman to go with me to the theater on a certain first night. When the evening came I reached her home shortly before eight o'clock. I waited in the reception-room for some time. Then the mamma appeared. We chatted for a quarter of an hour longer. Still no signs of the young woman. I looked at my watch; it was just time for the curtain to rise at the theater. I particularly wanted to see the opening of the play.

"Then I rose and took one of my checks from my pocket. 'Madame,' I said to the mother, 'here is the check of Miss D.'s chair, and the carriage is at the door. Will you be kind enough to ask her to come when it suits her best. For myself, I want to see the opening of the play.' And I walked out."

"And what did the young woman do?" asked three breathless listeners all at once.

"She came in the course of half an hour. She had good sense enough to take the rebuke in the right way. She knew she deserved it."

"Oh, but I would never have forgiven you!" sighed the chorus.

BIRD-TIME.

When rills from icy prisons race,
Like children out to play,
When meads with maidlier green replace
Their sleeping gowns of gray,
When tassels deck the forest tents
In wizard silence spun,
And pliant earth no more resents
The fondness of the sun,

What joy along the breezes bland
At morn and eve to hear
The music of the plumed band
That hails the wakening year!
A winged voice is everywhere,
The sunbeams singing shine,
And every breath of tuneful air
Is light as beaded wine.

Unworn the ancient carols pour
From throat of living bird,
The very strains that o'er and o'er,
In vernal gladness heard;
The turtles cooed in fir and pine,
And 'mid the myrtles sung
The nightingales of Palestine,
When Solomon was young.

As dulcet fine, as crystal pure,
As tender, and as free,
The bluebird's warbled overture
Wakes in our homestead tree;
And the song-sparrow, April's pet,
Salutes his fellows small,
And trills his tremulous canzonet
On every garden wall.

The yellow-hammers pipe and beat
Among the fragrant glades;
The redbreast flutes his solo sweet
And laughs his glad roulades;
The peewee from the corn-house thatch
Repeats his name all day;
And the brown-thrasher trolls his catch
High on the hickory spray.

The wren song like a shower of sparks,
Out flashes, and is still;
Far peal the notes of meadow-larks;
And farther, on the hill,
With cry of jaybird and chewink,
And call of soaring crow,
The deeper tones of nature link
In quaint solfeggio.

The more, as greener foliage grows,
The chimes of spring rejoice;
The orchard gladder buds and blow
To hear the kingbird's voice;
The dun fly-catcher perching flings
His puny gleam of cheer;
And the green hummer's happy wings
Purr at the tulip's ear.

The martens chirrup as they wheel;
The orioles whistle gay;
I hear beyond the elders steal
The blackbird's gurgling lay;
And bobolink, May's last delight,
The breezy fields along
Comes scattering in his sidelong flight
A trail of tinkling song.

Then on each wave of joy that sweeps
Across the open land
Float echoes from the forest deeps
That charm me where I stand.
Thro' shaded aisles runs silvery soft
The black-throat's limpid tune,
And vireos in the murmuring loft
Enchant the vernal noon,

Where the bright tanager recites
His clear mock robin hymn,
And yellow-warblers' notes like lights
Thro' sylvan shadow swim.
And the saint wood-thrush, bird devout
The sweetest of the choir,
His golden Angelus rings out
As from some temple spire.

O sinless songsters! they are dead
Who followed where ye lead,
And fathomed at the fountain-head
Of melody indeed.
Your lays are language seer and bard
Translate to men no more,
The only music left unmarred
At shut of Eden's door.

I can but hope, in endless spring,
When I to Heaven repair,
The souls of birds on earth that sing
Will join the anthem there;
And I my gentle friends shall know
In every fadeless tree,
And thank the heart whose overflow
Of love they brought to me.
—Rev. Theron Brown, in Harper's Bazar.

CENSUS-TAKING.

Trials and Tribulations of the Enumerators.

A Rare Berth in Which to Study Human Nature—Queer Questions, Queerer People and the Queerest of Answers.

"If you want to have some fun studying human nature," said a book-agent the other day, "get yourself enrolled as a census enumerator for a district where the people are indifferently educated. I tell you canvassing for orders is nothing to it, in the way of diversion. I know, for I was an enumerator myself in a thickly populated down-town East side district of this city ten years ago, when the last census was taken, and though I only made about forty dollars for two weeks of the hardest work I ever performed in my life, yet I have applied for the place again this year, and hope soon to engage in another cross-questioning campaign with one eye wide open for fun. I'll meet plenty of queer people, I warrant you, and as I am authorized by the law to enter every house and extract the desired information from any adult, under penalty of a fine for refusal to aid me, you see I have things pretty much my own way in the end, though I often have to do a heap of talking before I get what I want, and in some instances, no doubt, will have to call the nearest policeman.

"Suppose the census enumerator begins on one of those five-story apartment houses, with four sets of rooms on each floor, each set occupied by from four to nine persons. He starts in the basement as follows:

"'You are the janitor, aren't you?'

"'Yes,' (resentfully, as is the way of janitors who think you want them to show you an empty flat).

"'How many families in the house?'

"'What you want tor know fer? (Suspiciously.) You can't sell no books here.' (Glancing at your portfolio and blanks.)

"'I don't want to sell books. I've come to take the census.'

"'Oh, they've all got some excuse to get inside the house, and some of 'em 'll take any thin' they kin git ther hands on.'

"'But I'm a Government official, and I've come to take the census.'

"'What's that?'

"'Well, if you don't know what the census is, it's time you found out. I'm going to count the people who live in this house, and if you interfere with me I'll call a policeman and have you fined. Look at that—' and I show him my written authority signed by the Superintendent of the Census and the local supervisor. The seal on this generally fetches the janitor, and so I pass the watchdog and get inside the house. I rap on the door of one apartment and am confronted by a frowsy woman.

"'Is the lady of the flat in, ma'am?'

"'I'm her.'

"'I've come to take the census.'

"'Ain't got any.'

"Then follow extended explanations and finally we approach business.

"'How old is your oldest child?'

"'Well, she's about that high,' holding up her hand about four feet from the floor.

"'About twelve?' I suggest, knowing from experience that the exact year of the child's birth has been crowded out of her tired mind by many subsequent sorrows and privations.

"'I guess so.'

"'And the next one?' I continue.

"'Oh! it's only a wee bit thing.'

"'Yes, but can't you remember when it was born?'

"'Well, it was just after Tom was sent up.'

"'How long was he in?' I say, jumping at the clew.

"'Five years.'

"'And when did he get out?'

"'Last Christmas.'

"'Then the child's almost six?'

"'I guess so.'

"'And how old's your husband?'

"'I dunno.'

"'Think now; did you never hear him say?'

"'Well, I heard him say once he was born in the year of the big wind in Ireland.'

"'More people in this generation were born during, or after, or just before the 'big wind in Ireland' than in any ten years before or since, I believe, but I persevere.

"'Is he older than you?'

"'Sure.'

"'How much?'

"'Not much.'

"'How old are you?'

"'It's none of your business, young man; don't be askin' impertinent questions.'

"'But I must know, ma'am. If I don't ask you I'll be fined myself, and if you don't answer you'll be fined.'

"'Well, I'm thirty-nine.'

"It's truly wonderful how many women there are who are either nineteen, or twenty-nine, or thirty-nine, or forty-nine. Do they hate to acknowledge that they have at last left the decade in which they have tarried for ten or fifteen years or is there an amazing but hitherto unnoticed decrease in the birth of girl babies one year out of every ten? Still I hold my peace and put down this woman as thirty-nine, though she is forty-five if she's a day, and I put down her man, who is not much older, as forty-two. This is about as near as you can come with these people, and the woman has done as well as the average in the way of being willing to tell the little she really knows.

"But then there is another class of questions that generally causes more trouble than the ages, because the people are generally quite unwilling to tell the truth with respect to them. These are the questions about the 'dependent, defective and delinquent' classes, as the last census sheets tabulated them. It takes some gall to ask a big, fiery woman, whom you have been pestering for a quarter of an hour about her age, if any of her family are idiots, or deformed, or criminals, and if so, how many and what are their special forms of disease or rascality. Only a hardened book agent, life-insurance canvasser or lightning-rod peddler can do it every time without quailing or minding the shower of indignant abuse that comes thickest and fastest from a mother who really has a weak-minded son, or a hump-backed daughter, or a jail-bird husband. I fancy that we get correct answers in the affirmative to these questions about once in fifty or so.

"But a great deal depends on how you put the question. Only a greenhorn would say: 'Any of you crazy?' Your expert book-agent says: 'All their minds correct? Speech all right? Can every body see? Is the hearing perfect with all of you?' I tell you tact is what an enumerator chiefly needs if he is going to get through his work quick enough to make any money out of it. It's no soft snap. The temptation to sit down and fill in the blanks, to the best of your own judgment, sooner than spend half an hour with an abusive and ignorant family, is almost irresistible at times, yet a heavy penalty attaches to such work, and justly, too.

"At the last census many men applied for the place of enumerator, thinking it a picnic, but when they received their books and instructions and began to grasp the size of the job, they resigned in large numbers. This year, to guard against any such monkey business, an enumerator who accepts his appointment and then backs out without giving a satisfactory reason to the superintendent, may be fined and imprisoned.

"The city is so divided that each enumerator is supposed to have about two thousand individuals to inquire about. But he often finds that his district is much more thickly populated than he supposed. I remember last time I got into a room in a wretched house where four families dwelt together. The room was partitioned off into four rectangles, but not in the usual way, with wooden walls, but by chalk lines on the floor.

"'How do you all manage to live in such crowded quarters?' I asked, jogged out of my routine questions by their unusually sardine-like arrangement.

"'Oh, we'd get on well enough,' growled one man, 'if them Joneses wouldn't persist in keepin' boarders.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

The Seat of Government.

Washington was not the seat of the United States Government until 1800. The seat of Government was at Philadelphia from September 5, 1774, till December, 1776; at Baltimore from December 20, 1776, until March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from September 27 to September 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from September 30, 1777 to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., June 30 to November 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November 26, 1783 to November 30, 1784; at Trenton from November, 1784 to January, 1785; at New York from January 11, 1785 to 1790, when it was removed to Philadelphia and remained there until 1800, when it was removed to Washington.

Queer Scenes in a Maine Court.

The Skowhegan correspondent of the Fairfield Journal gives the following description of the homelike appearance of the Maine Supreme Court room during the present term of court: "Ladies in the gallery bring their needle-work and sit out the hours of the session. It is interesting to watch them threading needles, tying knots, basting, occasionally pausing to catch some portion of the evidence and again to confide in a neighbor something relative to some newcomer, interspersed with the slight click of the scissors, all of which tend to impress the lookers-on with the solemnity of the occasion and add perceptibly to the 'homelike' appearance of our judicial residence."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - AUGUST 22, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY.
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
ED. T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

GOVERNOR BEAVER on Wednesday granted a respite in the case of Alem H. Smith, the Allegheny county murderer, until November 26.

THE Louisville *Courier Journal* remarks: It is beautiful charity when American manufacturers sell goods cheaper to "foreign paupers" than to American workingmen."

THE postmaster's convention of Cambria county turned down Captain Thomas Davis as a candidate for Congress. What a wonderful affection the Republican party has for the old soldiers.

EX-SENATOR LEWIS EMERY, JR., says he has proofs of the charges made by him against Senator Delamater. He declares that he will lay them before the public before long in a way that will substantiate every charge that he has made.

CONGRESSMAN SCULL has the conferees from Somerset and Cambria. J. D. Hicks has Blair county and John Cessna Bedford county. Mr Scull, what have you got to give for a conferee from Bedford or Blair? Better be ready with something nice and make a good bid at the start.

THE census just taken gives the State of Nevada a population of 40,000, 15,000 less than Cambria county. Nevada has two United States Senators, a Representative in Congress, and three electoral votes and was admitted as a State because it would add to the Republican vote in the electoral college.

THE Republican party will have to go out of business for want of capital. Its leaders have locked horns on the Force bill and the McKinley tariff bill, which was regarded as a panacea for all the ills that the Government is heir to is declared by James G. Blaine, to be a fraud. There is nothing left but the bloody shirt.

THE Census Office at Washington has ordered a recount of the population in the One Hundred and Tenth Enumeration District of Pennsylvania, which embraces Mauch Chunk and Carbon county. In examining the schedule from this district, the Census officials discovered over 500 duplications of names, and at once decided that a recount would be necessary.

CAMBRIA county's Republican convention on Monday very wisely refrained from expressing any opinion in their resolutions in regard to the Force election bill upon which Senator Quay, Cameron and others on the one side and President Harrison, Senator Hoar, Edmunds, Czar Reed and others on the other, have locked horns. Cambria county's Republicans prefer to wait until the scrimmage is over and then shout with the victors.

IF the manufacturers who want to go into the tin plate business cannot go into it without an additional tariff, they had better stay out of it. The people who use tin plates are not caring whether they are made at home or abroad and the cheaper they get them the better. The farmers and consumers, who pay the tariff and get no benefits are getting very tired of these mendicants who are eternally asking for alms. The people have no use for an industry that cannot walk on its own legs.

IF it be true that James McManes, of Philadelphia, intends to support Governor Pattison and the Democratic ticket there is likily to be a rattling among the dry bones of the Republican party of that city. Chris. Magee's paper, the Pittsburg *Times*, has a dispatch from Philadelphia saying that Mr. Manes is very sore over his failure to get his favorite, Robert Laughlin, appointed sub-treasurer, and that he has practically told Gov. Pattison that he will announce himself as a supporter of his candidacy about the first of September.

A TERRIBLE cyclone struck Wilksbarre Pa., on Tuesday afternoon about 5 oclock and left a tarck of ruin in its path that has rarely been equalled. The heavens were as black as night and the wind blew with a most frightful velocity. Whole rows of trees were blown down. Following this hundreds of houses were unroofed, partially blown over or completely demolished, and worse than all the visitation of death was sent upon a number of people. How many were killed is not known at this time. Large districts in several sections of the city are in absolute ruin and women and children are in the streets crying and wringing their hands in absolute dismay. The damage will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. At least 15 persons were killed and a great many injured.

THE Republican Convention that met here on Monday, was well attended so far as delegates to a Republican Convention go to represent the party in this county, but was remarkable for the beggarly array of men who were willing to become candidates. Every postmaster in the county had guaranteed Chairman Barker, that his district would be represented, and they were as good as their word, every district in the county with the exception of five, had some patriot on hand to answer at the roll call.

It had been an open secret for some time past that there would be trouble to get suitable candidates for the leading offices, men with boodle to put into a campaign have always had the preference in the Republican party in this county, but this year no patriot with boodle bobbed up of his own accord, and as the time for the convention grew near, it became painfully evident to the leaders that none could be stirred up.

Hon. John M. Rose, of Johnstown, who, by a break in the Democratic ranks two years ago was elected as a Republican member of the House of Representatives from this county, and who gained some distinction in the legislature for his ability as a whistler, is not on the ticket. By all the usages of political parties, Mr. Rose was entitled to a second term. By all the courtesy of political gratitude Mr. Rose, owed the Republican party of this county the benefit of his services as a whistler for a second term. But Mr. Rose saw the hand writing on the wall, said no, and was present in the convention determined not to go down with the ticket.

Samuel Patterson, of Barr township, late census enumerator for that township, who has been a chronic candidate for County Commissioner in their party, was finally induced to accept the nomination for Assembly, and as no running mate could be found, but one candidate was nominated.

For Treasurer, William R. Ramsey, of Johnstown, received the nomination. Mr. Ramsey, is no doubt, gratified by this mark of distinction. He is a young man, who did not know that he was a politician when he arrived in Ebensburg, and will learn later that his youth and inexperience were the qualities that commended him to the good graces of the leaders of the convention.

The office of County Commissioner was reserved by the present Commissioner, J. G. Lloyd, but John Wright of Summerhill township, was put on the ticket with him. Mr. Wright may think he is a candidate up until the eve of the election, but after that he will wonder what struck him.

The balance of the ticket was filled up as a matter of course, without any regard as to whether the men named were candidates or not. Geo. A. Kinkerd, of Ebensburg, and C. B. Cover, of Johnstown, for Auditors and P. U. Stoy, of Ashville, for Poor Director.

One Auditor is bound to be elected and Kinkead and Cover, may make their fight if they thing it worth fighting for. One Commissioner will be elected and that one, Commissioner Lloyd. The balance of the ticket nominated on Monday may as well take to the woods in time.

THE McKinley bill, says the Pittsburg *Post*, to bumbug the farmers raises the duty on potatoes from 15 cents a bushel to 25. But the potato crop this year, there is scarcely a doubt, will be the greatest failure ever known. The farmers in some sections will be compelled to buy their seed potatoes for next year, and the 25 cents a bushel duty will be a tax on them as well as all other consumers, and especially to the great body of workmen in manufactures and mines to whom potatoes ranks after bread as the staff of life. There will be fewer potatoes this year than in 1887, when we imported 8,250,000 bushels and the importations will be larger if the foreign market can supply the demand. The country will take twenty millions if it can get them, for the American crop will be clean gone by winter. That being the case, how is it a protective measure to raise the duty to 25 cents a bushel and take five million dollars from the consumers of potatoes, to be such a glorious benefit to the working people, whether on the farm or in factories and mines? Put on your thinking caps, potato buyers.

WE exported 40,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, and imported 1900 bushels. The imported wheat was probably wanted for seed, or, mayhap it may have been raised in some corner of Canada where it could not readily be sold to any other customers than people of the United States. The whole tariff duty collected on this wheat was $389, the duty being 20 per cent. Now it is proposed to raise the duty to 25 per cent., in order to make the farmers think that they are protected on a commodity of which they have an immense surplus to sell, and for which they are obliged to accept the prices paid in foreign markets for wheat raised by the ill-paid laborers of Russia, India and Egypt! We doubt if the Flathead Indians could be fooled by the performance with which Republican Congressman seek to impose on the tillers of the soil in the United States.

SENATOR QUAY last week offered a resolution in the Republican Senatorial caucus providing for a vote on the tariff bill on the 30th inst., and to postpone till next December consideration of the federal election bill and other legislation. The Quay resolution has raised a storm in the Republican ranks that threatens to disrupt the party. Quay recognizes the fact that unless he gets the tariff bill through he will have up hill work in raising money from the tariff beneficiaries for the election of Delamater, while the Edmunds, Hoar and Reed element of the party want the the Force bill passed in the hope that the Republican party may do their own counting and keep themselves in power.

THERE will be great competition between the Republican Congressional conferees from Blair and Bedford counties. There is a plumb in the pudding for one, and one only. Fruit is awful scarce this year.

Bold Train Robbers.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Aug. 18.—The safe of the Pacific Express company was robbed of $90,000 by train robbers on the Missouri Pacific railroad yesterday morning. The train which was the Kansas City limited express No. 3, left Tipton, Mo., at about 3 A. M. Two mysterious figures were seen by the engineer lurking around the forward end of the train, but no particular attention was paid to them. Just after leaving Tipton the fireman turned toward the tender to fire up the engine and looked squarely into the muzzle of two revolvers in the hands of two masked men, who were lying on their faces on the top of the coal. One of the bandits covered the fireman with his revolver, while the other took care of the engineer. They were told to hold up their hands and the engineer ordered to run the train to Otterville water tank in "Robber's cut," just east of Otterville. When "Robber's cut" was reached the engineer was commanded to go to the express car and tell the messenger to open the door. He did so under the threat of death if he should fail. When he reached the express car he found the two robbers had five confederates stationed at convenient places about the car, all heavily armed and their faces concealed behind masks. He walked to the door of the express car and called to the express messenger, Sam Avery, to open the door. Avery suspecting no danger, pushed back the door, As he did so the leader of the robbers and one confederate pushed their revolvers in and ordered the messenger to hold up his hands. The order was promptly obeyed and three of the robbers jumped into the car. Avery was commanded to open the safe, and at the point of a revolver did so. One of the robbers unfolded a sack and into it were placed the entire contents of the safe. The robbers then made their escape without attempting to molest the passengers.

The engineer pulled the train into Otterville, a half mile distant, where a part of the crew were left to arouse the sheriff and organize a posse to pursue the robbers. The news of the robbery was also telegraphed to the headquarters at St. Louis and all the available detective force of the road was sent to "Robbers' Cut." The sheriff's posse and the detectives are now scouring the country for the robbers. The exact amount of money and valuables stolen cannot be learned, but it is understood the money in the safe aggregated about $75,000, mostly in paper money, and that the other valuable property amounted to about $15,000. The robbers are unknown.

A Light in the West.

It is becoming more evident each day that the Reed policy of tariffs and Force bills does not suit the Republicanism of the bounding West. A policy which may be congenial enough to the frosty Blue Noses down East is too chilly for the warm temperaments of the Western people. The Topeka *Capital*, official organ of the Republicans of Kansas, "congratulates". Senators Plumb and Ingalls "for their independence and their consideration of the interests of the people on the tariff question." It declares that it can see in the McKinley bill "no effort to revise the tariff for the benefit of consumers." The Ohama *Bee* (Republican) expresses the hope that the Senators of Kansas and Nebraska will manfully persist in their revolt against the McKinley bill for the good of the people. The *Bee* declares that "the West insists that the tariff shall be revised downward, and not upward." It warns the Republicans in Congress that "this is the only policy by which the party can retain its power."

Evidence of this kind might be multiplied to show that the Republicans of the West have assumed an attitude of hostility toward the measures of the Reeds and McKinleys which may well give pause to wise politicians. While denouncing the McKinley bill as a fraud upon the farmers, leading Republican newspapers of the West maintain an ominous silence in regard to the Force bill. As in the East, this scheme of Coercion with Corruption meets with no favor, except from thorough-paced partisans who may be expected to approve of anything bearing the party label. Those who have eyes to see can discern that in the West a great light is breaking which promises before long to spread over the entire country. The day for politics and politicians of the regulation machine-made pattern is well-nigh over.—*Phila. Record*

Indiana.

Washington, D. C., August 17.—Congressman Bynum, of Indiana, in discussing the situation in that State, says: "The danger to the Democracy of Indiana is overconfidence. President Harrison is personally interested in carrying the State. Should the Republicans win, his renomination becomes a necessity. While his administration has not given satisfaction to his party, I think the disaffection will not amount to much by the time the election comes off. I think the Democrats of Indiana will retain their present membership in Congress. While some of the members had small majorities two years ago they will not encounter the corruption and frauds which the Republicans resorted to in 1888.

"It would be difficult to say upon what issue Republicans will go to the country. All that seems to be left to them is the tariff issue, and they are not united upon that. As to pensions, why they are not united upon that. The compromise measure passed does not come up to the promises made during the campaign of 1888, and is not satisfactory to those who favored a Service Pension bill.

"On silver they made another unsatisfactory compromise, and as for the infamous Federal Election bill, they cannot get together on that. As for the 'new rules' issue, that is dead, too, since it has been proven that the House is behind in its business, and what business it has done it has not been well done. What have they to go into the campaign with?.

Heads Split Open.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Aug. 17.—News of a shocking affray which occured near Danville last night has just been received here. Pat Monahan and Frank Schuraski were hacked to pieces with an axe in the hands of a Hungarian named Mininies. Monahan and Schuraski approached Minnies's house at a late hour, presumably to see the latter about some work, but which subsequent developments show for the purpose of assaulting him. Both men were under the influence of liquor. When the house was reached a noise which they made attracted Mininies, who appeared at the door with a lamp in his hand. One of the men grabbed the lamp and threw it at Mrs. Mininies, who had followed her husband to the door. The latter became furious, and seizing an axe struck right and left at his assailants. Schuraski received a blow in the head which almost served half of it. His companion, Monahon, fared similarly by being struck in the forehead.

Strange to say both men are alive, but cannot recover. Mininies was placed in jail to await a hearing to-morrow.

John Burns, who led the great London dock strike, has gone back to work. He thinks the good results of a strike, when there are good results, do not compensate for the loss to the strikers.

Wolfe for Pattison.

At the annual harvest home picnic of the Union county farmers held at Lewisburg on Friday, Charles S. Wolfe, the great independent Republican leader of 1882, boldly declared for Pattison in a lengthy speech, in which he said:

"Four years ago Mr. Hulings, a former Republican member of the House from Venango county, in the Republican State Convention offered a resolution pledging the party to the simple enforcement of the anti-discrimination provision of the constitution. The convention refused to adopt the resolution, thereby showing their complete subjection to the railroad power. Six weeks after the close of the last session of the Legislature, after a Revenue bill had passed both Houses that gave very substantial relief to the farmers, the Governor of the Commonwealth happened to discover that it lacked the signature of the President of the Senate, and therefore could not become a law.

"With his knowledge of the way in which things are done at Harrisburg, he was quite sure it was no accident. Just what official or officials were responsible, he could not say; but he was quite sure that it was the fault of a Republican official and done at the dictation of high and unscrupulous power.

"When Mr. Pattison was Governor he had the courage to obtain an injunction against the Pennsylvania Railroad in its purpose to buy up and absorb the South Penn Road. He had the courage to take by the throat the freight pool and coal combination. They were unable to face the proceedings pending against them in the Courts. Their only escape was to elect a Governor who would discontinue the litigation. He would like to ask Governor Beaver what had become of those suits?

"In all his official acts Governor Pattison had the honesty and the courage to stand by the hoodwinked and oppressed farmer against the chicanery and arrogant oppression of corporate power, and thereby had incurred their bitter hostility. The Republican leaders have been the especial guardians of the corporate interests, and while professing to have very great concern for the farmer have been duping him and feeding him on husks."

In conclusion he challenged any one present to stand up and refute any statement he had made. What he had said was true, and he would be glad to meet Mr. Quay or Mr. Delamater or any other Republican and discuss with him, before the voters of Pennsylvania, the question of the complete domination of the Republican party of Pennsylvania by corporate power.

The very best evidende of their real attitude towards the farmer is the fact that the Republican party has been in power in Pennsylvania all these years, and such has been the relief the farmer has had at their hands, he said, that the farmer and taxpayer would show his wisdom and political sagacity, not by voting for any man simply because he was a candidate of his political party but because he was the candidate who was most likely to honestly aid in rescuing him from injustice and oppression and securing to him his equal rights before the law, and that any farmer that had not the sense to do this ought to suffer.

Ballot Reform.

The burning question of the present political canvass in this State is that of ballot reform. A perfectly secret ballot is the beginning of every political reform. Without it the ruling *regime*, which is naturally and necessarily conservative of the laws, just or unjust, wise or otherwise, under which it is able to hold sway and of which it is in great part the creature, must always have the vantage ground in popular elections, for it can easily outbid its opponents in the vote market and outbulidose them in the control of timid voters.

The Republican machine in this State is against any genuine reformation of the election laws, because it lives and moves and has its being in the present code. The last thing in the world those who control it desire is a perfectly secret ballot. They are thoroughly aware that if they could no longer ply their schemes of bribery and intimidation the machine would go to pieces. Hence, whice pretending to favor some sort of ballot reform, in order to placate those of their own party who desire a sacret ballot, they have no intention of adopting anything like the Australian system, or of permitting any such system to be adopted, if they can prevent it.

The people of Pennsylvania who hope for such a revision of the election laws as will secure a perfectly secret ballot and so make bribery and intimidation of voters impossible, must look to the democracy for its accomplishment. If the Democrats of the State had no higher motive than simply the securing of fair play at elections, which is now very largely denied them, they should be trusted rather than their opponents whose interest lies in the maintenance of the present election system. But Democrats everywhere favor the Australian ballot law. In Rhode Island, New Jersey, Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana they have put it upon the statue-book. On the contrary the Republicans of our own Legislature treated with contempt the proposition to adopt it. This issue should be made in every senatorial and representative district and candidates for seats in either branch of the Legislature ought to be interrogated as to their attitude in regard to it. Now is the time for the people to move if they mean to get ballot reform from the next Legislature.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

The Mammoth Cave Surpassed.

A dispatch from Normandy, Tenn., says: "There is intense excitement at this place over the discovery Tuesday of a cave that, so far, seems to surpass the Mammoth cave in size and grandeur. Tuesday morning, as a party of gentlemen were inspecting the country two and one-half miles southeast from this place, and directly between here and Tullahoma, they accidentally discovered the entrance. Previously there had been heavy rains and the people had been awakened a few nights before by a rumbling sound in the earth. The mouth of the cave seems to have become exposed by a slide of dirt and rocks from the side of the hill. The party entered the cave and walked a good distance by the light from the mouth, which is about 8 feet in height 12 in width. They having no light to go further, returned to Normandy, got lanterns, and then went back to the cave, arriving there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. They walked in what seemed to be a direct line all night, but found no end. There was a small creek running through the cave from northeast to southwest. The walls were very high and seemed to be smooth, except here and there stalactites hung from the roof to the floor. The distance traveled could not have been short of twenty miles. Retracing their steps, they arrived at the mouth at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. They say there seemed to be no end to the cave. In some places the passage is hundreds of feet wide. As the mouth of this cave lies at the foot of what is known as the table lands or barrens it is believed it extends under the whole table land. The people at this place have gone wild with excitement over the discovery. An exploring party will go in the cave and will stay three or four days or find the end."

The Bryn Mawr *News* a Republican paper is out for Pattison.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Two young women of alleged questionable character were tarred and feathered by young men of Manor, Pa., Monday night.

—One dead, one fatally injured and one imprisoned, was the result of a gas explosion in a mine at Farmersburg, Ind., on Tuesday.

—A carpet used in a room of the Mint after being in wear some years, was burned the other day in pans, and yielded $2,500 worth of gold.

—William Neely, a butcher residing at Derry, Pa., sustained an internal injury while lifting the other day, and on Tuesday morning he died from the effects.

—Ex-Congressman W. L. Scott sold from his farm in Northampton county last year $85,000 worth of truck. The farm expenses were $63,000 a year, so a net profit of $22,000 was made.

—A huge catfish was found alive imbedded in a hollow log in a mill dam at Martindale. It swam in a small hole when a little fish and was unable to find its way out and grew in the log.

—Fred Babner, of Reading, suddenly experienced a loss of weight from 156 to 86 pounds, and a few days ago found the cause of it to be five lizards that had been living in his stomach.

—A gang of barn burners is at work in the vicinity of Canonsburg, Pa. Five barns have been burned in the past few weeks, the last one being tast of C. E Strothers, causing a loss of $4,000.

—The color line is drawn in Nova Scotia restaurants. A colored clergyman of Halifax has sued the proprietor of the railroad restaurant at Amherst, N. S., for refusing to allow him to sit down at the same table with white folks.

—John H. Jamason, a millionaire banker and broker, of New York, Saturday evening committed suicide by hanging himself with a sheet to the knob of his bedroom door. He was in ill health. Deceased leaves a wife and child.

—One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between the Ural and the Okhotsk Seas. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 meters the ground was still frozen.

—One of the features of an electrical exhibition at Frankfort is to be the transmission of power (500 horse) a distance of 14 miles. It is not pretended that this can be done economically, but the mere doing of it will be one of wonders of the exhibition.

—County Judge Max Stein, of Edinburg, Texas, was shot and killed by Mrs. Della McCabe at Reynossa, Mexico. He had succeeded Mrs. McCabe's husband as judge, and she killed him in revenge. Before being overpowered, the woman knocked down several policemen with her revolver.

—Dalton, the American swimmer, swam the English channel, Sunday night, from France to Folkestone, a distance of 60 miles. He was in the water 23 hours and 28 minutes continuously. A great crowd at the shore applauded him when he completed the feat. He fainted on the beach from exhaustion.

—A jam of logs on the Dungeness river, Washington, has backed up a body of water eight miles long by two miles wide. The people living miles below the dam are in great danger of being swept away and their property ruined. When the break does come they say it will be another Johnstown affair.

—John Williams and his white paramour, Mrs. Jennie Smith, were warned by White Caps a few days ago to leave Uniontown. The woman went but Williams remained. Friday night a number of masked men broke into his bedroom and gave him a terrible whipping with rawhides, lacerating Williams fearfully.

—It is not generally known that a single mouse turned loose in a grocery window will catch more flies in a single evening than fly paper catches all day. And, beside, he eats them and don't leave them lying around loose. Don't grudge the mouse his little mischief, he is a good fly and roach exterminator.

—Clinton Schueck, who shot himself in the head with suicidal intent five weeks ago, after murdering Louisa Brunst, at Swamp, Northumberland county, died on Sunday in his cell in the counsy prison. Soon after the discovery of the murder Schueck was found hidden in Brunst's barn, and rather than face the angry crowd that had assembled, he shot himself in the eye and ear.

—At a recent marriage in Boston, the bridegroom, who is interested in mining in the West, conceived a very pretty idea in regard to the wedding ring. Instead of purchasing a ring in the conventional way from some jeweler, he himself mined the quartz, panned it out with his own hands, had it smelted under his own eyes and took it to a jeweler and had it made into a heavy gold band which his wife now wears.

—Oil City has a woman who is the mother of five children. Beside looking after her offspring, she does washing for her neighbors and milks the cow. Her husband, after his labor is done in the evening, returns home and lays the foundation wall for his house with the stone his wife has collected and carried in her arms from the adjacent hills during the day. She also prepares and mixes the mortar he uses in laying the wall.

—There is a wonderful well near Del Norte. The force of the water brings up from the depths an occasional lump of native silver or a gold nugget. Local scientists claim that at a great depth and under enormous pressure the water is washing away a ledge of rock, whose softer parts go into solution and give the water its mineral qualities, but whose gold and silver, not being desolved, are brought to the surface in a metallic state.

—A shepherd dog fell into a dry well in Oglethorpe county, Ga. A young man went to the canine's rescue, and as soon as the animal heard his voice, went into raptures of delight. The man procured a rope long enough to reach the bottom of the well, and lowering it was surprised to see the dog grasp the end firmly in his mouth and hold on until he was drawn to the top. The dog had received no injuries, and, being given a hearty hearty meal, was as frisky as ever.

—A man of figures at Saginaw has calculated that the average person trims off a thirty-second of an inch of nail from each finger every week, or three inches a year. The average of human life the world over is 40 years. Ten feet of finger nail for each finger—a round 200 feet from the 20 fingers and toes. There are 1,300,000,000 people in this world, and altogether they waste on an average, 300,000,000 feet, or 56,818,15 miles of finger nail in a generation—sufficient to reach around the earth and still leave 10,000 miles to do our scratching with.

—William H. Smith, the Pittsburg wife-murderer, was removed to Dixmont Insane Asylum on Monday morning. A telegram was received from Sheriff McCandless on Saturday evening ordering his removal from the jail to the asylum. The Sheriff had gone to Harrisburg to consult with Governor Beaver on the case. Sheriff McCandless was in doubt whether a mandamus from the Court was sufficient. It is presumed the Governor refused to interfere with the authority of the Court. Smith was backward about leaving the jail, fearing that he would be killed.

—The biggest illicit distillery in Arkansas, located in Pike county, has been destroyed by United States officers. The distillers escaped.

—Archibald and Robert McDowell were arrested at Pittsburg on Monday charged with counterfeiting United States currency. They were locked up. Their method of counterfeiting was confined mostly to the raising of the new United States $2 silver certificates to $10. This was done by getting stamps from empty cigar boxes and pasting them over the figures of the bill. The attempt to pass a raised note at a South Side saloon on Monday evening led to the arrest. They intended to remove from Pittsburg the day they were arrested, and part of their household furniture was already stored in the car.

—John Habernacker, a resident of Cleveland, has been pressed into the German military service. He is a native of Bavaria and came to America with his widowed mother when a boy. His mother married Andrew Krause, a naturalized American, and the three recently visited Bavaria. The boy, then under age, remained behind when his mother and step-father started to return, intending to follow them shortly, but on his attempting to do so he was arrested and a magistrate decided he was liable to military duty to which he was assigned. An effort will be made to secure his release through the intervention of the State Department.

—One of the most disastrous fires Steubenville, Ohio., has had for some time occurred on Monday, the the nail factory and heating department of the Jefferson Iron Works burning to the ground. In the nail factory the loss is large, the company losing 79 nail machines, 25 first-class grindstones, 150 kegs of nails, annealing engine and machine, three heating furnaces and two large engines. In the heating department the loss includes a gas producer, pumps, nail plate rolls, eight boilers, shears and a belt forty-eight inches wide and two inches thick, the largest in the country. President Wallace estimates the loss at $100,000, on which there was an insurance of about $63,000. It is not known whether the company will rebuild or not.

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TRIAL LIST.
SECOND WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bk	vs. Anna.
Butterbaugh	vs. Cunningham.
Sloan	vs. McMullen et al.
Fisher	vs. Rager et al.
Use Blair	vs. Gallagher.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
King	vs. Cook.
Wyland	vs. Kinports.
Bowman	vs. Barnhart.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Farber	vs. Haywood Coal Co.
Irvin	vs. Gill.
Irvin	vs. Kutruff.
Kline	vs. Elliott.
Hagan	vs. Litzinger.
Miller	vs. Storm et al.
Anna	vs. Notley.
Admrs. of Rubritz	vs. Custer.
Gallagher	vs. Baker.
Gallacher	vs. Baker.
Malchonson	vs. Loughry.
Steward & Co.	vs. Gittings.
Hall, Sweyer, Glass & Co.	vs. Parrish.
Wilson	vs. Myers & Reade.
Creary	vs. Haught.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothy's. Office, Aug. 8, 1890. Prothonotary.

TRIAL LIST.
THIRD WEEK IN SEPTEMBER (SPECIAL).

Martin	vs. McGlade.
Saxman	vs. Carroll.
Reade	vs. Knepper heirs.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
Kerr & Co.	vs. Brown.
Brinker	vs. Parrish.
Potters Co-operative Co.	vs. McGough.
Kerr & Co.	vs. Yinger.
Kunkle	vs. Vondelier & Keene.
Westover	vs. Bowers.
Same	vs. Same.
Flick	vs. Adams.
Hemerly	vs. Lily Mfse. Co.
Glasgow	vs. Shoemaker.
Hall, Sweyer, Glass & Co.	vs. McConigle.
Same	vs. Wilhelm & McConigle.
McVey	vs. Suppes.
McCawley	vs. Vaughn.
Miller & Co.	vs. Vaughn.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothy's. Office, Aug. 8, 1890. Prothonotary.

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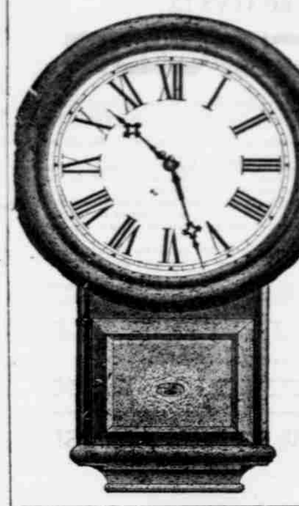

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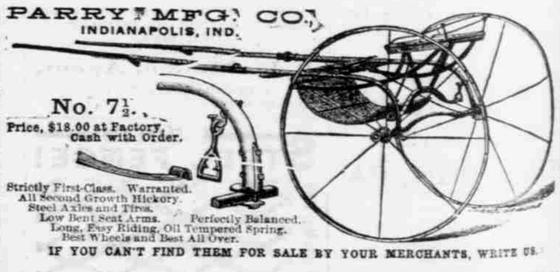

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To clean tombstones. To polish knives. To clean dishes.
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To renovate paint. To wash out sinks. To remove rust.
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Dentists to clean false teeth.
Surgeons to polish their instruments.
Confectioners to scour their pans.
Mechanics to brighten their tools.
Cooks to clean the kitchen sink.
Painters to clean off surfaces.
Engineers to clean parts of machines.
Ministers to renovate old chapels.
Sextons to clean the tombstones.
Hostlers on brasses and white horses.
Artists to clean their palettes.
Wheelman to clean bicycles.
Housemaids to scrub marble floors.
Chemists to remove some stains.
Carvers to sharpen their knives.
Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats.
Soldiers to brighten their arms.
Renovators to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - AUGUST 22, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Chief S. B. Hogan, of Lilly, was in town yesterday.

For sale cheap.—A good buggy. Inquire of W. Leech.

Mr. George Huntley is putting a Mansard roof on his dwelling.

September 4th will be the last day on which voters can be registered.

Mr. Thomas Burns of Gallitzin, spent a few days in town on Thursday.

Don't forget to see carts at Barkers' before buying, as they have several kinds.

Hon. W. Dirk, Esq., has been confined to the house by illness for several days past.

You can get some bargains in dress goods at 5 cents per yard at Barkers' this week.

When you want job printing of any kind, give the FREEMAN office a trial. Prices reasonable.

A bear weighing 400 pounds was killed on Conemaugh Ridge in Westmoreland county last week.

The new M. E. church at Belsano will be dedicated on Sunday, September 7th. Everybody is invited to attend.

Miss Carlotta Collins and her sister, Miss Nellie, of Philadelphia, are visiting Miss Mary Scanlan, in this place.

You can save money by buying goods at Barkers' now, as they are determined to get rid of some of their stock before fall.

A ball was held in the Opera House on Monday evening by Ebensburg's "Four Hundred." It was an enjoyable affair.

Three barns and one bridge were burned in Cambria county last week, and it is said that an incendiary is getting in his work.

Robert E. Davison, of this place, has been elected by the School Directors of Carrolltown as teacher of the High School in that place.

Mrs. H. O. Stoltz, wife and son, of Newport, Pa., passed through here on Tuesday on their way to Carrolltown to visit old friends and relatives.

Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, a former Johnstown resident, committed suicide in Philadelphia one day last week by drowning himself in the Delaware river.

Wanted.—A male teacher to take charge of Loretto district school. Good wages will be paid. J. E. SHIELDS,
Secretary of Board.

Mr. Lemon Reed, Esq., who was admitted to the Cambria County Bar some time ago, has opened up an office on High street in the room formerly occupied by E. G. Kerr, Esq.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease sure, no operation or delay from business; attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

An old maid in Bellefonte who pays considerable school tax wants the privilege of sending her cow on the school grounds, because, as she says, she has no children to go to school.

Mr. C. T. Roberts, of this place, was taken ill on Monday night with cramp and has laid up for several days. He is at present getting much better and will soon be able to be out again.

A festival will be held in the Opera House, this place, on Friday and Saturday evenings, August 22d and 23, for the benefit of the Brethern church, of Jackson. All are cordially invited to attend.

To have a speedy and positive Cure for Tonsilitis, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Throat, use Dr. Sproul's Catarrh Remedy. A Inhaler free with each bottle. Use it and you desire health and sweet breath.

A grand ball will be given in the Opera House on Thursday evening, August 28th. Music will be first class and good order will be maintained. The managers will deserve success if money and hard work can accomplish it.

Mary Donaldson and Marion Crowell, colored Fayette county prisoners at Uniontown, tried to break jail last Sunday night. When Jailor Reed discovered their work at midnight they had three of the iron bars of their cell door sawed off.

It is said that the water meters in use in the borough do not in all cases, meet the purpose they were supposed to correct and have been adopted by the borough fathers to prevent the wasting of water. There is a screw getting behind the returns.

The Hill farm mine near Dunbar is a success. All attempts to extinguish the fire have been futile. A large fan has been erected and put in operation and the fire is being forced up. They expect to subdue the flames in a few months in this manner.

Don't throw away your old gum boots or shoes. Save them for the agents of the gum factories, who are buying them all over the country. Pulverized rubber shoes flavored with vanilla, strawberry or other exracts, makes nice chewing gum.

Constable Murphy, of South Fork, came down on Tuesday, and took back to Charles Kerll, who, on oath of Constable, will have to answer to a serious charge. Chief of Police Spangler arrested here on Saturday.—*Braddock Herald.*

Work is in progress in the mines at Nanty Glo, the Cresson and Coalport railroad, by the discharge of three Undue miners claiming that it is an movement on the part of the company to compel the men to abandon their union.

Mr. Thomas Fleck, whose home is in Riddlesburg, Bedford countz, while engaged in his duties as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, was thrown to the track by the jarring of a wheel at East Conemaugh on the 13th day of last week and had his left arm mashed.

Persons who removes from one county or township to another, or from one ward into another, between the 4th day of September and election day, looses his vote, because he must swear that he has resided at least sixty days in the district he offers to vote.

On Monday morning, before the train from Gallitzin had made its first trip, the switch had been set off the track on one of the sidings near the depot. In consequence, the train from Gallitzin, had to be backed up to put the locomotive on the track, but two trips were made.

Complaints are about town who are engaged in the nefarious work of cutting cows' tails off. The dastardly deed is done by some one of them. Several cows have been brutally treated lately and if the perpetrators are discovered there will be a penalty felt in dealing with them.

On Monday last the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. reduced the sale of tickets at the rate of two cents per mile one way to parties of three or more when traveling on one ticket to any two points on the line. Heretofore the Company sold only round trip tickets at the rate indicated. This new order is understood to have been made principally for the accommodation of theatrical companies and similar organizations, although, of course, it is open to all persons who may wish to take advantage of it.

—If you want boots or shoes you will find the largest assortment at Barkers'.

—Barker Bros. have on hand a large stock of carpets, oil cloths, window shades and wall paper ready for fall trade.

—A scarcity of apples and peaches and pears is reported from all parts of the country, except from California.

—Farabaugh's photograph gallery, Carrolltown, will be open until September 6th, excepting Thursdays and Fridays.

—Mr. Caron Lahey, one of Lilly's enterprising citizens, was in the 'burg on Thursday, and dropped in to see the FREEMAN while perambulating through the town.

—A mysterious disease is playing havoc with swine in Walker township, Juniata county. The hogs are first afflicted with sore throat, which gradually grows worse until death ends their suffering.

—If you want to buy a road cart, if you want to buy phosphate, if you want to buy harrows, if you want to buy wagons, if you want to buy grain drills, if you want to buy anything, Barker Bros'. is the place for you.

—Frank Hill, of Scottdale, whose wife eloped with a Greensburg lawyer named Marchand a few years ago, attempted suicide by shooting while in a despondent mood on Saturday night. The bullet entered his side and will not prove fatal.

—The Coroner's jury impannelled to investigate the shooting of Mary Mangus, by Harvey Dougherty, at Prospect, on Monday evening, a notice of which will be found in another column, on Wednesday rendered a verdict of accidental death. Young Dougherty was brought to jail on Wednesday, but will likely be discharged.

—Constable Philip Miller brought a Hungarian to jail this (Thursday) morning, committed by Justice Anna, of Hastings, charged with cutting Jack Cosgrove, a boss on the new railroad at Thomas' Mills, on Wednesday night. Cosgrove is said to be be dangerously hurt, as he is badly cut on the back and shoulder and also on the thigh. The prisoner refuses to give his name.

—The Indiana Greenback-labor County Convention assembled at Indiana, on Monday and placed in nomination the following ticket: Congress, Captain Jacob Creps; Assembly, S. M. McHenry; Treasurer, G. W. Brady, of South Mahoning; Commissioner, C. M. Cribbs, Blacklick; Auditor, Samuel Fleming, Washington. No nominations were made for Prothonotary or Sheriff.

—William Wilkleman, of Buffington township, Indiana county, was struck by a freight train while crossing the railroad track at Sheridan station on Monday afternoon, and received injuries that resulted in his death the same evening. He was about nineteen years of age and had but recently left home and obtained employment at Wehn's brickyard, near where he was hurt. He leaves a widowed mother to mourn his sad end.

—James McInay was brought to jail on Wednesday, charged with shooting Jerome Skelly on Tuesday night in Portage township. The shooting occurred at a dance held about a mile east of the village of Portage, where the two men quarreled. Some time after the quarel McInay procured a gun and fired a volley into Skelly, the charge of shot striking him in the groin, producing a wound from which it is hardly expected he will recover.

—Mrs. Lunday, a widow, keeps boarders on Park avenue, Moxham, Seventh ward. On Monday night she had $80 stolen from her. One of the boarders came in late in the night and thought he discovered a stranger in the house. Without striking a light he proceeded to notify some of the other boarders. The intruder took advantage of the time it took to do this and left the house. The $80 was missing, and he is thought to have taken it. There is no clue. —*Johnstown Democrat.*

—The Altoona *Times* of Monday morning says: "Mr. Will Magehan, a well-known liveryman of Johnstown, had an attack of heart disease, or something of that nature, in this city yesterday afternoon, falling on the street in an unconscious condition, and for a time it seemed as if life was extinct. Fortunately he was in the company of Mr. Phil McDonald and another gentleman at the time, and they carried him into a neighboring house and sent for a carriage to convey him to the residence of the gentleman above named, but it was found impractible to do so. He eventually rallied, however, with the aid of two physicians, and was able to return home last evening, although we are not sure that he did so." Mr. Magehan is well known here and his many friends will be glad to learn, which we do from the Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday evening, that Mr. Magelan is able to be about again.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishnig anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

—Col. Barnabus McDermitt, a well-known citizen of Altoona, died at his home in that city on last Sunday evening. Col. McDermitt was born in Huntingdon county in 1821 and when a young man removed to Ebensburg where he worked at his trade, that of a cabinet maker. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, Mr. McDermitt was a member of the Old Cambria Guards and went with that company to Mexico. After his return from Mexico he married Miss Catharine Tood, of Ebensburg, and continued his residence here for several years, at one time keeping what is now known as the Hotel Denny. He afterwards removed to Wilmore where oe was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and where he resided at the breaking out of the late war. He there enlisted in the serv ice of his country and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 54th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. After his return from the army he again took up his residence in Ebensburg, and in 1865 received the Democratic namination for County Treasurer, was elected and served for two years (the term being then two years instead of three as at present.) In 1868 he was appointed Steward of the Almshouse where he faithfully served the people for four years, retiring in 1862. Soon after he removed to Altoona whe he was in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company up until his last illness. He leaves to survive him a wife and six children, one son, David McDermitt, of Altoona, and five daughters, Mrs. Dr. J. J. Oatman, Mrs. Patrick Halton, and Misses Alice and Kate, of Altoona, and Mrs. F. C. Platt, of Gallitzin.

Bridge Letting.

At the bridge letting on Monday, for the erection of a county bridge across the Conemaugh river at Mineral Point, the following bids were received by the Commissioners. The bridge is to be 329 feet in the extreme, with a 14 foot roadway.

BIDS FOR THE IRON WORK.

Variety Iron Works Company	$3150 60
Wrought Iron Bridge Company	3875.00
King Iron Bridge Company	3643 00
Youngstown Bridge Company	3286 00
Mt. Vernon Bridge Company	3420 00
Smith Bridge Company	3490 00
Pittsburg Bridge Company	3233 00
Berlin Iron Bridge Company	3275.00
Groton Bridge Company	3325.00
Massilion Bridge Company	3300.00
Penn Bridge Company	3340.00

The Variety Iron Works of Cleveland, Ohio, being the lowest bidder was awarded the contract. This is the same company that erected the county bridges the past two years.

The following proposals were offered the Commissioners for the stone work:

J. A. Dunkle, Blair county	$1755 00
M. J. Smith, Nicktown	1670 00
Timothy Swan, Gallitzin	1449 00
Thomas Long, Johnstown	1695 00
Samuel Kantz, Sheridan station	1399 00
M. J. Kirsh, Nicktown	1769 75
J. A. Shoemaker, Ebensburg	1499.00
Thomas Anderson, Chest Springs	1073 00
John Boyle, Dysart	1193 00
Wm. McClintock, South Fork	1287 00
John Corrily, Hastings	1586 00

Messrs. Dunkel, Shoemaker and Kirsh were the only bidders present, but their bids were not the lowest. Mr. Anderson has been notified by the Commissioners to come forward with the proper security for the faithful performance of the contract, in the price of which he is the lowest bidder. If he does not appear by August 23d, the contract will be awarded to the party having the lowest bid who appears and furnishes the proper security.

Accidentally Shot.

On Monday evening Miss Mollie Mangus, the fourteen-year-old daugher of Mr. Hiram Mangus, of the 14th Ward, Johnstown, was almost instantly killed on Prospect hill by Harvey Daugherty, a young man, while carlessly handling a gun. The boy's account of the shooting we take from the Johnstown *Democrat*, which is as follows:

"My name is Harvey E. Daugherty, and I am a son of George A. Daugherty, and live with my father and mother at No. 221 Ebensburg road. I am their only child. My father works at the steel works. I had borrowed a gun of Mr. Gray's and had cleaned it out and gone down into Barry's woods, near where the dead were buried on Prospect last summer, to shoot birds. It was a Flobert rifle and I was using "22 short" cartridges. Berlie Scott and Michael Hohan were with me and had been shooting. Among others who were around us at the time was Miss Mollie Mangus. I had met her several times and was standing chatting with her while I was loading the gun. She was about eight feet away from me and I was about starting to go towards a tree to shoot at a bird when as I swung the gun around it was discharged, evidently by the hammer cathing on some part of my clothes. The girl fell to the ground, and as I ran up I noticed a small piece of lead sticking in her right temple where the bullet entered. I got some water and bathed her face and, as I thought, I detected palsations, and as others had come to look after her, i ran to town for a doctor. I called at Dr. Miller's office on Market street, but he was not in, and while I wat hunting for him where I had been told he was, I met my father, who told me the girl was dead. I immediately came here and gave myself up. It was purely accidental, and I am so sorry it happened."

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 20, 1890.

Timothy Gaton and Evalina Hines, Portage.

James McMichael, Johnstown and Dora Smith, Altoona, Pa.

Soloman E. Brown, South Fork and Lavina Crum, Croyle township.

Joseph C. Owens Cambria township and Mary A. James, Ebensburg.

Michael Smith and Julia Long, Summerhill.

William W. Miller and Annie Harris, Johnstown.

Edmund Livingston, Johnstown and Minnie Boyd, Upper Yoder township.

Michael A. Hall and Ellen Hopson, Portage.

Henry W. Doherty, New York City and Mary E. Forrest, Johnstowns.

Anthony Nan and Katharine Hommel, Stonycreek township.

Henry McHugh, Johnstown and Bertha Suder, South Fork.

Lewis R. Jones, Braddock, Pa. and Alice R. Cadogan, Johnstown.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of the great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be affected with a cough, cold or any throat, lung, or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of E. James Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer Loretto.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Most

obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents.

Indiana Normal Graduates.

Indiana Normal graduates hold the best positions. If you want to prepare yourself for teaching go to Indiana Normal, Indiana, Pa. The normal has a bureau to help her students to good positions.

Where to Get a Business Education.

Get it in the Commercial course of the Indiana Normal. It gives you the most for the least money.

Communication.

CHEST SPRINGS, Pa., August 15, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—The meeting of the Farmers' Alliance of Cambria county held here this afternoon was a large and enthusiastic gathering, not less than three hundred of the farmers of Clearfield and Allegheny townships being present. The object of the meeting was to receive the report of the committee on resolutions. That body presented a series of resolutions which were with one exception, unanimously adopted. The resolutions, which would occupy considerable space, may be summarized as follows: (1). The name of the association shall be The Farmers' Alliance of Cambria County, Pennsylvania. (2). The object of the Alliance is obtain from the lawmaking power of the State a just equalization of all taxes, it being shown by unquestionable authority—notably by extracts from the report of the Agricultural Department read at the meeting—that real estate is taxed six times as much as any other species of property. (3). We demand that the burden of maintaining the public roads be placed upon all who use them, not as now upon the farmer alone. (4). Discarding in pursuit of our objects all party affiliations. (5). Demanding a thorough investigation of the cost up to this time and the results thereof in the State Agricultural College. (6). An instant cessation and retrogade movement in the yearly doubling, trebling and worse in the income of our county officials. (7). No money to be collected except to meet necessary expenses. (8). Auditors shall be chosen to adjust the accounts of the Treasurer. (9). Officers to be elected yearly on the 1st of May. (10). The members pledge themselves to adhere to the association in all just efforts to effect the objects of the association. Finally, the main object of the association is to effect the equalization and reduction of taxes.

A resolution was offered to fix prices at some future time. After a brief discussion the resolution was rejected. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the call of the President. LUKE BEHE, President.

JAMES J. KAYLOR, Secretary.

Items From Blacklick and Barr.

BLACKLICK TWP., August 18, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—After a silence for some time I again take up the pen to give you a few items from this neighborhood.

Harvest is now over and on looking back over our crops we cannot complain of anything except the oats, which, owing to the drouth in the latter part of the summer, is a slim crop.

Messrs. Priser & Duncan will finish up sawing at their old location this week and will then move their mill to the Thomas Edwards tract, where Mr. Duncan will saw a lot of timber that he purchased from Mr. Edwards.

Mr. Moore and his wife, of Clearfield, were visiting the latter's father, Mr. John Harvey, of Barr township on Sunday.

Mr. Fred Himline and family, of Pittsburg, who were visiting Mr. George Hoofnagle, returned hom on Saturday.

Mr. Bernard McGee has purchosed a new steam threshing machine, and will try it for the first time in threshing the grain of Mr. Joseph Dumm.

Mr. Leo Miller, son of Joseph Miller, of Barr township, has gone to Latrobe, Westmoreland county, where he has secured employment.

Mr. Henry Duman, of Blacklick township, took a trip to Greensburg last Thursday, and on Saturday visited St Vincent's College and took in a large picnic that was being held in Unity grove. He returned home on Saturday evening well pleased with his trip.

Mr. Andrew Fresh, of Barr township will improve his farm this coming fall by the erection of a fine new dwelling house

Mr. Isaiah Brown, who had his steam saw mill running on the Reagly tract for some time past is nearly through and will then move his mill on to Mr. Joseph Miller's ground where he will saw this coming fall.

SNIBBLER.

The Republican Convention.

Chairman F. H. Barker called the convention to order at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Alvin Evans, Esq, was unanimously elected president of the convention.

Hon. John M. Rose offered a set of resolutions, which were adopted, endorsing the the platform adopted by the Republican State convention at Harrisburg and the State ticket.

A. V. Barker, Esq, then offered a resolution declaring Hon. Ed. Scull as the choice of Cambria county for Congress and authorizing him to choose his own conferees, which went through without a dissenting vote.

For County Treasurer, William R. Ramsey, of the First Ward of Johnstown, was nominated by acclamation.

For Assembly, A. V. Barker, Esq., nominated Samuel D. Patterson, of Barr township, and added a motion that but one candidate be nominated. The nomination and motion were carried by acclamation.

For County Commissioners, John Wright, of Summerhill township, William Glass, of Gallitzin, John Gittings, of Jackson township, and J. G. Lloyd, of Ebensburg, were nominated. The first ballot resulted in the nomination of Lloyd and Wright. The ballot was as follows: Lloyd, 100; Wright, 84; Gittings, 12; Glass, 12.

For County Auditors, George A. Kinkead, C. B. Cover and William Shupe weae named. The two former were nominated on the first ballot which was as follows: Kinkead, 100; Coyer, 61; Shupe, 44.

For Poor House Director, Peter W. Stoy, of Ashville, and James Somerville, of Susquehanna township, were named. A ballot resulted in the nomination of Stoy by a vote of 94 to 8.

Postmaster Barker was then re-elected chairman and the convention adjourned.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise providence, to remove from our midst our fellow fireman, William J. Ward, with whom we were long associated by the most intimate terms of close friendship. And

Whereas, By his death the family has lost a devoted son and brother, the community a good citizen, and the Dauntless Fire Company a faithful member who was always interested in its welfare. And

Whereas, The sundering of these ties causes us unfeigned sorrow and regret at the early closing of his pure life. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That while bowing in humble submission to the Author of life and death, who doeth all things well, we shall cherish with kindliest feeling the memory of one with whom it was our pleasure to have had companionship in the daily walks of life. And further be it

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the sorely afflicted family and assure them of our share in their great grief. And further be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Dauntless Fire Company, that a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased, and that they also be published in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN and the *Cambria Herald*.

M. D. KITTELL,
H. J. CROUSE,
O. E. WILKINSON, } Committee.

Pain and Dread

attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostril, and a sure cure. It cleans the nasal passages, and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price, 50 cents.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

Register's Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS HAVE been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees and all others interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3D, 1890.

1. First and final account of Bridget McDermitt, administratrix of James McDermitt, late of Clearfield township, deceased.
2. First and final account of D. D. Morrell, administrator of Mrs. Marion T. M. Diller, late of Jonnstown, deceased.
3. First and final account of John Gruber, administrator of Annie Schaller, late of Woodvale, deceased.
4. First and final account of John Gruber, administrator, of Elenora Schaller, late of Woodvale, deceased.
5. First and final account of George E. Hamilton, administrator of Jacob Hamilton, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
6. First and final account of William Amsler, administrator of Fredericka Amsler, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
7. Second and final account of J. L. Metzger, administrator of David Metzger, Cambria county, deceased.
8. Final account of William B. Kirkbride, administrator of Mahlon Kirkbride, late of Johnstown, deceased.
9. First and final account of Levi Good, administrator of Francis A. Stiles, late of Cambria county, deceased.
10. The account of Elizabeth Black and W. H. Settlemyer, administrators of Daniel Black, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
11. First and final account of Levi A. Weaver, administrator of S. T. Blough, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
12. First and final account of W. H. Settlemyer, administrator of George Settlemyer, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
13. First and final account of James Irwin and Alexander Irwin, executors of Martha C. Wilson, late of Lower Yoder township, deceased.
14. First and final account of Lizzie J. Custer, administratrix of William H. Custer, late of Millville borough deceased.
15. First and final account of Andrew J. Akers, administrator of Alvar Akers, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.
16. First and partial account of David R. Hess, administrator of Elisabeth Unversaght, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
17. First and final account of John Burket, guardian of Isabella Schonviski, a minor child of John Schonviski, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
18. First and final account of Mary B. Mouse, administratrix of Frederick Mouse, late of Croyle township, deceased.
19. First and final account of John Burket, guardian of Augustave Schonviski, a minor child of John Schonviski, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
20. First and final account of John Burket, guardian of Imerick Schonviski, a minor child of John Schenviski, late of Cambria borough deceased.
21. First and final account of Frederick Kring, guardian of Emma Kring, minor child of Gideon Kring, late of Adams township, deceased.
22. First and final account of George Keiper, administrator of Frederick Wm. Hoffman, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.
23. First and final account of Jno. G. Masterton, administrator of Wm. Masterton, late of Cambria county, deceased.
24. First and final account of Thomas C. Coleman, administrator of Charles Marshall, late of Cambria county, deceased.
25. First and final account of Justina Wacker, administratrix of Conrad Wacker, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
26. First and final account of John Butler, administrator of Robert Butler, late of Johnstown, deceased.
27. First and final account of Edwin Burkhart, administrator of Barbara Cobaugh, late of Jackson township, deceased.
28. First and final account of John H. Brown, administrator C. T. A. of William Layton, late of Johnstown, deceased.
29. First and final account of Julias Wild, administrator of Mary Diehl, late of Conemaugh borough deceased.
30. Second and final account of Charles S. Ruth, administrator of C. Elsaesser, late of Johnstown, deceased.
31. First and final account of John H. Brown, administrator of Joseph R. Moore, late of Stonycreek township, deceased.
32. Second and final account of Catharine Schroth, executrix of John Schroth, late of Wilmore borough, deceased.
33. First and final account of John C Bradley, executor of Catharine Bradley, late of Carroll township, deceased.
34. First and final account of John Whalen, executor of Patrick Cogan, late of South Fork, deceased.
35. Account of Thomas J. Hughes, administrator of Elizabeth Davis Evans, late of Johnstown, deceased.
36. Second and final account of M. Fitzharris, administrator of Christopher Fitzharris, late of Johnstown, deceased.
37. First and partial account J. S. Osborne, surviving administrator of George W. Osborne, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.
38. Supplemental account to the first and final account of John Vogel, administrator, of Joseph Myers, late of Cambria City, deceased.
39. First and partial account of John Reinhart, executor of Alexander Recke, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
40. First and final account of Eliza Rose, administrix of John Rose, late of Conemaugh borough deceased.
41. First and final account of Herman Baumer, administrator of H. G. Rose, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
42. First and final account of Lena Schnurr, administratrix of Charles Schnurr, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.
43. Final account of Levi J. Prosser, administrator of David Prosser, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
44. First and final account of B. F. Heidenthal, administrator of Elizabeth Baumer, late of Woodvale borough deceased.
45. First and final account of George Woods, administrator of John M. Johnston, late of Johnstown, deceased.
46. Second and final account of Daniel Fitzpatrick, executor of Mary Fitzpatrick, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
47. First and final account of Otto F. Nickel, administrator, etc., D. B. N. of Chas. T. Schubert, late of Johnstown, deceased.
48. First and final account of Slater W. Allen, executor of Adam Kantz, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.
49. First and final account of Henry Hesselbein, administrator of Lewis C. Hesselbein, late of Conemaugh, deceased.
50. First and final account of Charles Maneval, guardian of Clara Kast, deceased, a daughter of Charles and Charlotte Kast, both deceased, late of Johnstown.
51. First and final account of George Keiper, administrator of Gottfried Hoffman, late of Johnstown, deceased.
52. First and final account of Dwight Roberts, executor of Howard J. Roberts, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
53. First and final account of Thomas D. Davis, administrator of Jonathan Goodwin, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
54. Second and final account of Mary K. Campbell and C. C. Campbell, administrators of Jacob M. Campbell, late of Johnstown, deceased.
55. First account of William Johns, guardian of Richard D., William A., Thomas H., Robert L., Bertha M. and Viola E., minor children of Richard O'Neil, deceased.
56. Second account of John D. Roberts, guardian of Lillian Phillips, minor child of Peter E. Phillips, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
57. First and final account of George Wild, administrator of Jacob Wild, late of Johnstown, deceased.
58. First account of John D. Roberts, guardian of DeSaque Albert, minor child of Mary L. K. Dherin, late of the borough of Johnstown, deceased.
59. First and partial account of John Yeagert, executor of Ferdinand Neatrauer, late of Richland township, deceased.
60. First and final account of Henry Hesselbein, administrator of Charles F. Hesselbein, late of Conemaugh, deceased.
61. First and final account of Henry C. Hesselbein, administrator of Maria Kimple, late of Johnstown, deceased.
62. First and final account of Anna McGarrity, administratrix of James McGarrity, late of Washington township, deceased.
63. First and final account of Thomas D. Evans, administrator of Eleanor Evans, late of Ebensburg, deceased.
64. First and final account of J. B. O'Connor, administrator of James B. Howard, late of Johnstown, deceased.
65. First account of Otto Huebner, administrator C. T. A. of Christian Kimple, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
66. First and final account of Thomas F. Brady, administrator of John Brady, Esq., late of Johnstown, deceased.
67. First and final account of Abram B. Clifford, administrator of Elizabeth R. Beam, late of Johnstown Borough, deceased.
68. The account of James P. Thomas, guardian of Morris Constable, one of the minor children and heirs of Jane Constable, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 8, 1890.

EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

What's in a Name?

Shakespeare says: "A rose without a name would smell as sweet." Nevertheless just at the dawn of the XXth century, in the year of grace 1890, there's quite a great deal in a name.

A Clothier without a name and reputation is heavily handicapped in the race for trade. People like to buy from dealers whose established reputation is a guarantee of fairness and honesty.

Our name—SIMON, THE CLOTHIER—cost oceans of money and months of toil and experiment to make it what it is to-day—and it's cheap at the price. It is the standard of excellence, the guarantee of supreme superiority, and it stamps every garment which bears this label { GUS SIMON, } as being the BEST that man can produce. Our name has a } FINE CLOTHING. { value to you. The reputation of a clothier is the accumulated evidence of many transactions with many customers. A good name can only be founded on continued "merit in merchandise." Our merchandise is always meritorious. The value of anything is what it will bring in the market. When a manufacturer gets an advanced price for his product, he gets it because it is worth it. Our goods command high prices but we invariably sell them low, as we not only gain a reputation thereby but also the customer. Some men cavil and say, "You pay extra for the name." So do you! It's worth it. When a man's reputation commands a higher price it's always because it's worth it. By his reputation one man can borrow money at 4 per cent.; another must pay 8. The act is the same, the money the same, but one is secure and the other is not. Reputation makes the difference.

When you buy our goods you get our good name with them. It is blended in with every seam and button hole. You get the name and more, you get the quality that made the name—Best quality.

Cling tightly to this word "quality." Hold it up and examine it, study it and think about it. The profits of the clothing business are seemingly locked in an impregnable vault, but the combination unlocks at the word "quality." Experience will teach you that by the workings of the law of compensation, all things cost about the same. Your loss of trade and reputation on inferior goods makes them cost as much as the best.

You get what you pay for. The only question is, which method will pay you? Will you buy the best and have it, or will you play at money-making and buy trash and lose trade?

Largely successful merchants in the clothing trade now-a-days deal only in the best qualities. Every great success has been built on this foundation. Permanent success requires reputation. Count over the big men of the trade—there's the proof.

Reputation can only be secured in one way—buy and sell best qualities and let the customers tell the story. It is the best advertising and the cheapest you ever did.

Our customers will talk about the kind of Clothes we keep, as there's so much in them to talk about—the fit, the fabric, the fashion. That extreme FINENESS OF FINISH you can't find in other makes.

And the good things they'll say about the clothes they'll say about us—if you buy 'em. Merchant and merchandise are always classed together. Bad, good or best, only one "best" in Clothing—our's, Simon's.

We're ready for Fall. Why not let our good name be your mascot for the season? Drop in and see us. You know where my store is. We'll we glad to see you, or if you can't come to see us, send us word and we'll call on you at home. By buying Groceries, Clothing, etc., of us you save lots of money by the transaction—a fact which you do not realize when you buy elsewhere in town.

GUS. SIMON,

Gallitzin's Cheapest Cash Merchant and Retailer at Wholesale Prices

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

NOTICE is hereby given that the County Treasurer of Cambria county will attend for the purpose of receiving County and State Taxes for year 1890, at the places of holding the elections in the respective districts, on the dates mentioned below.

South Fork	July 14th
Croyle township	July 15th
Wilmore	July 16th
Summerhill township	July 17th
Portage township	July 18th
Lilly	July 21st
Washington township, No. 1	July 22d
" No. 2	July 23d
Tunnelhill	July 24th
Gallitzin borough	July 25th
Munster township	July 28th
Gallitzin township	July 29th
Ashville	July 30th
Chest Springs	July 31st
Allegheny township	August 1st
Loretto	August 4th
Blacklick township	August 5th
Cambria township	August 6th
Ebensburg, West Ward	August 7th
" East Ward	August 8th
Barr township	August 11th
Susquehanna township	August 12th
Hastings	August 13th
Elder township	August 14th
Carrolltown	August 15th
Carroll township	August 16th
Clearfield township	August 18th
Dean township	August 19th
Reade township	August 20th
White township	August 21st
Chest township	August 22d
East Conemaugh	July 14th
Franklin	July 15th
Johnstown, 1st Ward	July 6th
" 2d Ward	July 17th
" 3d Ward	July 18th
" 4th Ward	July 21st
" 5th Ward	July 22d
" 6th Ward	July 23d
" 7th Ward	July 24th
" 8th Ward	July 25th
" 9th Ward	July 28th
" 10th Ward	July 29th
" 11th Ward	July 30th
" 12th Ward	July 31st
" 13th Ward	August 1st
" 14th Ward	August 4th
" 15th Ward	August 5th
" 16th Ward	August 6th
Upper Yoder township	August 7th
East Taylor township	August 8th
West Taylor township	August 11th
Conemaugh township	August 12th
Stonycreek township	August 13th
Lower Yoder township	August 14th
West Taylor township	August 15th
Adams township	August 18th
Richland township	August 18th

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all taxes paid on or before September 1st, and after October 1st 5 per cent. will be added on all unpaid. THOS. E. HOWE,
Treasurer.

Ebensburg, June 6th.

NOTICE.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA CO. To the heirs and legal Representatives of Thomas Duncan, deceased:

GREELING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Thomas Duncan, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court, or show cause why same should not be sold.

J. C. STINEMAN,

Hard Riding in the East.

During the last century when long journeys, called riding posts, were much in vogue in Europe among the aristocracy and wealthy sporting men, a match was made between Mr. Shafts and Mr. Maywell for 1 000 guineas, Mr. Shafts to find a man who would ride 100 miles per day for 27 consecutive days.

There was a great deal of money bet on this thing, principally against it being done. It was well known, however, that distances of 800 to 1 200 or even 1,500 miles had frequently been covered at the rate of from 100 to 120 or even 150 miles per diem, but the knowing ones thought that the enormous distance of 2,700 miles at 100 per day would be likely to break any horseman down. Nevertheless Mr. John Woodcock, who was selected to ride by Mr. Shafts, performed the feat without any extra fatigue or punishment. He used thirty horses, and rode three or four of them each day.

In Turkey the Sultan's mails and despatches from outlying provinces used to be carried by Tartars riding post, with relays of horses changed every twenty or thirty miles, and are now in some parts of the country where telegraphs have not been established. The same man in charge went the whole distance; these couriers would often perform great feats of endurance. From Bagdad to Constantinople is 1,600 miles, not over a level or rolling prairie, but frequently crossing mountain ranges along precipices, across torrents, &c., and there is not a mile of made road the whole way, yet the ordinary time the Tartars took to perform the distance was a fortnight, and on urgent occasions it has been done in twelve days, and even in eleven days.

There is no doubt whatever about this, because this route through Asia Minor, from the Persian Gulf, was, in former days, before the Red Sea route was established, often used by officers and others who did not mind rough travel and were in a hurry to get home or to get out to India, and they often rode with the Tartars from end to end, besides which the British Resident at Bagdad, or rather the residency was for more than a century in the habit of transmitting despatches from India to Constantinople and Europe by these same carriers. As much as 150 miles per day has often been done for eight or ten days by the Tartars. They only rested four hours out of the twenty-four, and pushed on the rest of the time at a rate of six to ten miles an hour.

A Wedding in Egypt.

On the principal street we heard music in the distance, and coming nearer found that a wedding was in progress.

A matting was spread upon the ground, upon which the bride, a rather old and rather cross looking Nubian girl, sat. Her veil was the usual shawl, this time of white. Also upon the matting sat the musicians, two drummers playing upon a single instrument, a peculiarly long drum. A woman sat at one end of it, a man at the other, both beating together, using alternately the palm of the hand and a drumstick.

To this music a number of women in gay dresses were dancing, two at a time, taking turns in flourishing over the head of the bride a pole about six feet long. We stopped in the encircling crowd to see what was going on, and had stood there but two or three moments when one of the women who had been dancing suddenly threw herself headlong upon the matting, closed her eyes and seemed to go off in a kind of fit.

The other woman ran to her, fussed over her a little, and then drew back to await developments. Petitioning our dragoman to find out what this all meant, he said she had been drinking too much of the native wine, and he interpretted the women whom he questioned about it as saying that she "have de debbil in her." In a few moments she came out of the unconscious condition and began wildly to clutch about her. The umbrella belonging to one of our party being conveniently near she seized upon it, and only with the dragoman's help was it torn away. We passed on, satisfied to assist no more in the festivities.

The Ostrich in California.

Scattered throughout Southern California are to be found many ostrich farms, but the largest perhaps are those at Fallbrook and Pasadena. At the former place there is a ranch which contains seventy. The birds are valued at $1 000 to $1 200 each. They are enormous creatures, six to eight feet high, and weighing 200 to 300 pounds. The females are smaller than the males, and lay about ten eggs, possibly as high as sixteen, one every other day, which are placed in the nest vertically, smallest down.

Under certain circumstances a bird may lay as many as fifty eggs in a year, quite large, measuring eighteen inches in circumference and weighing three to four pounds. The shells are one-twelfth of an inch thick, and are used by the natives as water vessels. They feed on alfalfa, cabbage, corn, doura (Indian millet), etc., and each adult consumes about forty pounds of food daily. They will swallow almost anything, large stones, bits of brick, metals, coin, etc., all of which they are able to digest.

One of the birds at San Diego is said to be thirty-two years old, but in their native land they are reputed to live to the advanced age of eighty to one hundred years. The period of incubation is forty-two days, the male performing that duty from 4 P. M. to 6 A. M., while his generous spouse assumes the delicate care of the prospective family the remaining part of the day.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

JOB : : PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion, We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

PATENTED

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

THE SHOE BRUSH GONE

I won't miss it, for I have long since adopted an easier and cleanlier way. A bottle of

Wolff's ACME Blacking

and a sponge to keep my shoes washed clean, save a deal of labor and shoe leather.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.

The best Harness Dressing in the world.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

PERUVIAN TONIC LIVER REGULATOR.

The only sure and radical cure for

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by **D. E. Kelly & Co., Williamsburg, Pa.**, for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 28th, '90-ly.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS

EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

Traits of Old American Generals.

Of the famous generals of the "old army" I remember Scott, Wool and Harney, the last mentioned two particularly, because I served in the departments they immediately commanded long before the Civil War. Scott and Harney were magnificent types of physical manhood each about six feet four inches tall and straight as arrows. Wool was of the average height, but a thorough soldier. General Scott was passionately fond of whist, but could not brook carelessness or any infringement of the rules of the game, so he generally had the "dummy" for his partner. Another unpardonable sin in the veteran's eyes was for any one to cut lettuce. Many an officer who had the honor to dine at his table has been severely rebuked for daring to cut the succulent green leaves with his knife.

General Wool loved the great American game of draw poker, and for that reason had none but the sons of wealthy men on his staff, who could afford the hazards of cards. There was a story of him, current in the army, of how, once on his tour of inspection at one of the posts of his department, after the ceremonious duties were over, he repaired to the clubroom, in the sutler's building, where a group of young officers, who had just received their monthly salaries from the paymaster that day, had gathered at one of the round tables for a "friendly game" of draw.

These gentlemen were comparative strangers to the General, having met him a few hours previously on review. As he entered all arose and saluted him, and one suggested "that perhaps he was acquainted with the intricacies of the fascinating game and that perhaps he would like to take a hand." The General quietly observed "that he was familiar with the value of different cards." Thereupon he sat down and in a short time he "cleaned out" the the young gentlemen. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, but it was "common property" among officers years ago.

The Lady and the Cigar.

The train from Paris to Versailles was to leave in five minutes. An elegantly dressed gentleman entered a first-class carriage. He has a burning cigar in his mouth. He is about to take his seat when he perceives an elderly lady in the carriage. Being a gentleman, he raises the window and is about to throw out the cigar, when the old lady says:

Don't you know that you are forbidto smoke in a first-class carriage when there are ladies in it?"

"My dear madame, you see I was just about to anticipate your wish by throwing away my cigar. However, I will not disturb you further," and bowing very stiffly he left the car, and purchasing a third-class ticket he took his seat among some peasants, where he could smoke undisturbed.

There was sitting near the gentleman a wretched looking tramp, who smelled horribly of garlic, and who was about as disagreeable a neighbor as can well be imagined.

"My good fellow," said the gentleman, "did you ever ride in a first-class carriage?"

"Never."

"Well, here's a ticket that I can't use. Just you go into that first-class carriage. There is a vacant seat next to an old lady; just take it."

The man who was sadly in need of disinfectants, did as he was told. A few minutes after he entered the first-class carriage the doors were closed, and off went the train, which does not stop at any of the stations between Paris and Versailles. You can imagine whether or not the gentleman got even.

A Market for Old Postage Stamps.

There is an asylum for orphan girls in Locle, Switzerland, which finds a market for all the old postage stamps sent to it. Nearly everybody far and near acquainted with the fact sends to the asylum his or her second-hand stamps, and, for the information of those who are ignorant, a circular is issued calling for the contribution of stamps and also setting forth the uses to which they are applied. Rare stamps of course, go to dealers or collectors, while the commoner sorts are applied to decorative purposes, being used to ornament screens, shades, etc., and even, so says the circular, to paper rooms.

Over a million of stamps were received by the institution from all over the world in 1888, and a considerable larger number last year. The stamps are assorted by the children and put up in packages of 50 or 100 each. Those collected in 1889 were sold for 1200 francs or $240, and those of last year for $260. This may not seem much to Americans, but money goes further in Switzerland than here. Persons, therefore, who wants to put their old postage stamps where they will do the most good should send them to M. J. Monsiur, Directeur de l'Asile des Billodes, Locle, Switzerland.

A Carbonic Acid Gas Gun.

M. Gerrard, a French inventor, has produced a gun which shoots, not by the aid of villainous saltpetre, but by condensed carbonic acid gas. You pull a trigger, one drop of the condensed gas enters the chamber of tha gun. It is instantly reconverted into gas, and the presure drives out the bullet with a velocity continually accelerated until it leaves the muzzle. Mr. Gerrard claims that you can fire without stopping to reload, 300 bullets, one after the other, with the carbonic acid condensed in a small cylinder, twelve inches long. There is no flash, no report, no smoke, no recoil, and no heat. Invisible death can be rained upon the enemy at 1200 yards' range, without any sign being afforded him of the position from whence the bullets come. The gas necessary to propel the 300 bullets costs one penny. It is perfectly safe against accidental explosion, and is proof against fire and water. If the experiments justify the claims of the inventor, gun powder will join the bow string and the catapult.

'ANY ONE CAN DYE

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc.

DIAMOND DYES

Any Color FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Cleanse the System

DO IT NOW

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

Paine's Celery [illegible]

"I have been troubled for some year with a complication of dis[illegible] qualities, rendering the digestive [illegible] I have commenced taking the Compound." HONESTUS STEARNS, Fitchville, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

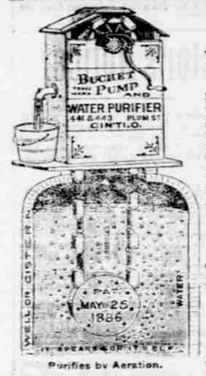
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

DRINK PURE WATER.

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.



Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 40 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 35 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Purifies by Aeration.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

A live agent wanted in every town in the United States. Address

BUCKET PUMP CO.

441 and 443 Plum Street, CINCINNATI, O.

GEO. HUNTLEY, Agent, Ebensburg, Pa

THE ALLMENDINGER PIANO & ORGAN CO.,

ANN ARBOR, MICH., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of *HIGH GRADE PIANOS and ORGANS.*

Importers and Jobbers of *Music and Musical Merchandise.*

We Make a SPECIALTY of *Organs in Piano Cases,* FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in *Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak*

And: containing: our: own Patented: Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence Solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

FACTORY: Cor. First and Washington Sts. -:- RETAIL WAREROOMS: 36 So. Main St.

REFERENCE: FARMER'S AND MECHANIC'S BANK, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SWEEPING PRICE - REDUCTIONS!

Preferring to carry Uncle Sam's Dollar to a big stock, we have inaugurated a

Great June Sale.

Sweeping Price Reductions.

A rare chance to get fine Clothing far below regular prices.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

6th and Chestnut St. (Ledger Building) 13th and Chestnut St.

B. J. LYNCH,

UNDERTAKER

And Manufacturer & Dealer in

HOME AND CITYMADE

FURNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

ALTOONA. PENN'A

Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

WANTED—AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR OUR TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, &c. STEADY WORK For Honest, Industrious Men.

Salary & Expenses, or Commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of varieties adapted to Pennsylvania.

The Business Quickly Learned. *Write immediately for terms.*

OUR HOME OFFICE.

R. C. CHASE & CO., PHILA., PA.

1794. 1890.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, NY.

OILS! OILS!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Naphtha and Gasoline That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

in the market ask for ours.

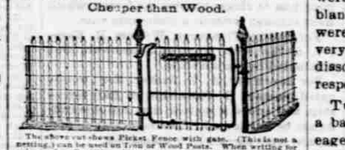
STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

PITTSBURG, PA.

octl8-89-1yr.

PATENT STEEL PICKET FENCE.

HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE. Cheaper than Wood.



The above cut shows Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a setting.) Can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We also Manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE PROOF DOORS, Iron Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN,

201, 203 & 205 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN C. FINCH,

DEALER IN

Golden - Wedding - Rye - Whiskies,

136 WATER STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Guckenheimer, & Gray's Monongahela Rye; these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Gins, Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, $1.00 for full quart, 6 for $5.00; Guckenheimer's the same; Monongahela, $8.00 per dozen. Wines, $5.00 per dozen, $2.00 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also have in stock, Grandfather's Choice, at $2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 25, '90-1y

PILES SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night. Worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often become very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Swayne's Ointment is soothing, healing, and a positive cure for every form of Piles, itching or bleeding, internal or external, of long standing or recent origin. It absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. For Physicians' testimonials, and pamphlet, address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 1 Box, $1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Sores, Pimples, Eczema, Barber's Itch, no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 1 Box, $1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

When Visiting the Pittsburgh Exposition, call on the

HENRICKS MUSIC CO., Ltd.

For Cash or Time Prices on

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

79 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

jun13 6m.

DETROIT SURE GRIP Steel Tackle Block.

HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.

FULTON IRON & ENGINE WKS., 10 Brush St., Detroit, Mich. Established 1852. ma30,90,1y

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife; book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BUSH, No. 155 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Death in the Desert.

It has just come to light that a party of Chinese, who attempted to smuggle themselves into the United States from Lower California, got lost on the desert and had a terrible experience, one of the party dying of thirst and exposure. They found the frontier so closely guarded that they stole a march toward the eastward and got into the desert. Here they got lost and wandered aimlessly around for several days, suffering unutterable agonies.

One of the Mongolians was a youth of some fourteen years. He gave out under the terrible suffering and became crazy. In his raving he imagined the blistering sands were limpid water and eagerly filled his parched mouth with the burning particles. This only added to its horrors, and pretty soon he lay down and died, his companions being in too pitiful a condition to render him any assistance. Here they heaped a pile of sand upon him and left him alone to sleep his last long slumber, while they, with swollen tongue, aching limbs and heavy hearts continued their aimless wanderings—lost in a trackless desert. It is asserted that they at last reached the railroad and soon reached Los Angles—minus every thing they had attempted to bring into the country except the clothes upon their backs They had thrown away the bundles containing the many things that Chinese hold dear, including a large quantity of opium, all of which marked their track upon the waste of sands.

As the almond-eyed ones have a system of spreading information among themselves, it is quite likely a terrible experience will serve to prevent any more of them attempting to invade the United States via the desert route.

Time Works Wonders.

Mr. and Mrs. Calendula C. Rate were at Niagara Falls on their wedding journey. They had wandered rapturously about arm in arm, listening to the roar of the mighty cataract. They had bought bead-work moccasins and pin cushions from Indian squaws who spoke with a strong Tipperary accent; they had contributed handsomely to the support of several princely hack drivers; paid for the right to look at the falls from all the eligible points of view, and had been hunted with great success by prowling photographic banditti.

And now they stood in the Cave of the Winds.

The thunder of Niagara overpowered them. They looked at each other, and their lips moved, but if any sound came from them it could not be heard in the deafening roar. Calendula pressed the little hand that lay confidingly on his arm, and led his fair young bride from the cave with all possible speed.

"Japonica," he said, tenderly, when they had regained the open air, "do you know why I could not bear to linger in that horrible place."

"No. Why was it?"

"I could not hear your beloved voice, my darling."

Five years had passed. Mr. and Mrs. Calendula C. Rate were again at Niagara on a little Summer vacation. They had dismounted from the omnibus, entered the hotel, registered at the clerk's office and removed from themselves the dust of travel.

"Now, Japonica," said the husband, hastily, with a yearning, hungry look in his eyes, "before we do anything else let us go and spend an hour or two in the Cave of the Winds.

The First Ice in India.

When one of the first importations of ice from America arrived in India it was amusing to see the anxiety with which it was sought after. The deposits were only open for a short time before sunrise, and crowds of Coolies were in attendance to carry off portions required by their employers. These portions were immediately enveloped in thick blankets and inclosed in baskets, which were carried off with all speed; but a very considerable quantity invariably dissolved before they could reach their respective destinations.

Two or three natives crowding around a basket which had just arrived were eager to touch the novelty; but immediately on feeling its extreme coldness they ran away, exclaiming that it was "burra gurram"—very hot. A child too, cried violently, and told his mamma that the "wirss had burnt his fingers." It was brought to the table as the greatest possible luxury, and handed round to persons to mix with their wioe; which although cooled with saltpeter and glauber salts, had not attained a much lower temperature than of new milk.

The ice in question was taken out to India as a means of preserving a large quantity of American apples in good condition for the Calcutta market, when the ice unexpectedly proved a more lucrative species of merchandise than the fruit.

Edison's Discovery of the Phonograph.

"Edison was a very cool man. When experimenting on the telephone the vibratory movements of the diaphragm suggested that their possible reproduction might be retained. With this characteristic determination to investigate all phenomena that presented themselves, he hit upon the principle of recording the vibrations. The result was a very crude phonograph with its tin foil cylinder. It was made at Meolo Park, and, being put to a practical test, its possibilities were exploited by all of us and our impatience became painful. Edison prepared for the first test and dictated 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' into a large paper funnel. Krenzi, a confidential friend of the inventor, stood by and ventured that the verse would be repeated by the machine. Edison turned the machine in the opposite direction and said calmly to Krenzi 'I'll bet you $7 that it will talk back.'

"There was silence for an instant and then came the words back through the funnel: 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'

"Krenzi jumped all over the room in his exitement, while Edison simply twisted his head and said, with a quiet smile: 'Krenzi, I have won the $7.'"

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

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Carrolltown Bank,

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The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also, Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

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FOR TORPID LIVER.

A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces

Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.

There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a trial will prove. Price, 25c.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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I took Cold, I took Sick. I took

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals, I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW FATTING.

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

NOT DEAD YET!

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MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

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Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.

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to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment Guaranteed.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

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Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Another Pocahontis.

It is generally known that [illegible] Captain John Smith of Pocahontis fame, made a trip to what is now Gardiner, Me., but there was an incident that occurred during that visit that is known by very few people. The Indians were presided over by a chief having headquarters at what is now Gardiner, known as Cabassas, whose daughtes known as Seboois, was among her tribe for her beauty and grace. She was, unfortunately, married at once with the gallant captain, but was, by the way, the first white man to visit these parts, and who was received with cordiality. Smith had with him a lieutenant named Hunt, who was rather a quarrelsome disposition and prone to mutiny. When the time came for the party of whites to depart, Hunt's mutinous spirit showed itself, and with a small party of followers he left for going in an opposite direction. The party took with them as captives the wife and child of the tribe of Cabassas.

The chief considering the whites [illegible] party, by a great mistake followed Captain Smith's loyal band, which camped that night about four miles from the present location of Gardiner, in an easterly direction. Seboois thinking to warn the Captain hurried on before the party of enraged Indians, but arrived too late, for as she arrived at the camp the first volley of arrows was delivered.

Thinking to save Smith, she fell over him, threw her arms around his neck and in that position received an arrow in the breast that caused instant death. The chief was palsied at the action and ordered hostilities to be ceased. This allowed Smith an opportunity to explain that it was the other party that had perpetrated the kidnapping.

After a sorrowful return and burial of Seboois near the Randolph elm the party of red men went in search of Hunt. He was overtaken near Ridgewock and his band exterminated to a man. Captain Smith had the satisfyred Seboois to thank for his life, as the arrow that had reached his heart was meant for him. The grave of Seboois is unmarked; in fact its exact location is unknown.

Why Leaves Turn.

Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their colors in the fall. The common and old fashioned idea is that all the red and golden [illegible] we see on trees is caused by frost. The true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in popular language, those causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, ovidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint.

This difference in colors is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those in England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, one of two trees growing side by side, of the same kind and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow, or one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the balance of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colors.

The Coral Industry.

At the present day coral is largely exported to such countries as Abyssinia, the Congo, the Cape, India and Ceylon, Siberia, China and Japan. The choicest pieces are used for buttons of Chinese mandarins or for ornamenting the turbans of rich Mussulmans, while the inferior qualities are sent to less civilized countries, are employed for various purposes. Coral has been often used as money in some countries, but that use of it is now declining. Barbarous and semi-civilized people employed it largely for ornaments, arrows, lances and pikes, and also for decorating a corpse before interment. Prices have varied much of late years, a rapid decline in value having taken place, owing to the scarcity of good and the comparative abundance of inferior qualties.

Besides the loss accruing to the fishermen, the present state of things is very seriously affecting the large number of people employed in preparing coral for use. There has been a great decline in the number of women employed at Leghorn, and the same thing is taking place at Naples and Genoa, the other principle seats of the industry. Nowadays the proportion of inferior quality is so much larger that fewer persons can manipulate the same quantity. No machinery